

The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888.

NUMBER 440.

DIRECTORIES.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Baptist.
Washenaw Association.
Church on Washington street, corner of Cross—Rev. J. Cheney, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon; prayer meeting at 6:30; p. m. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Congregational.
Jackson Association.
Church on Adams street, corner of Elm—Rev. M. W. Fairbank, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Methodist Episcopal.
Detroit District—Detroit Conference.
Church on Washington street, corner of Ellis—Rev. J. Venning, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; class meetings at noon and 6:30 p. m.; Sunday school at noon; young people's meeting at 6. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Presbyterian.
Detroit Presbytery—Synod of Michigan.
Church on Washington street, corner of Elm—Rev. W. A. McCorkle, D. D., pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Protestant Episcopal.
Diocese of Michigan.
St. Luke's Church, Huron street—Rev. W. A. McCorkle, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at noon. Evening service at 4:30 every Friday evening.

Roman Catholic.
Diocese of Detroit.
St. John's Church, Cross street, corner of Hamilton—Rev. W. A. McCorkle, pastor. First Mass at 8 o'clock Sunday morning; second mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m. Daily morning mass at 8.

Evangelical Lutheran (German).
Church on Congress street, corner of Grove—Rev. M. Klonke, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

African Methodist Episcopal.
Michigan District—Indiana Conference.
Rev. R. Jeffries, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Young Men's Prayer Meeting Association.
Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock, at the Methodist church in January, Presbyterian in February, Baptist in March, and Congregational in April, and so repeating. H. L. Sanders, president; Chas. Parker, secretary.

Young Women's Christian Association.
Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Leonard corner Cross and Hamilton streets. Ida E. Shaw, president; Maggie Adair, secretary.

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.
Meeting at Congregational church every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. B. L. D'Ooge, president; Miss Lillie Demore, secretary.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

MASONIC.
Phoenix Lodge, No. 12, F. & A. M.—Meet in Masonic Hall Tuesday evening on or before the full moon of each month. C. C. Vroman, W. M.; F. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 128, F. & A. M.—Meet first Thursday in each month in Masonic Block. A. McNicol, W. M.; O. D. Wilcoxson, Sec.

Excelsior Chapter, No. 25, R. A. M.—Meet first Friday of each month, at Masonic Hall. A. S. Turnbull, H. P.; F. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Union Council, No. 10, R. & S. M.—Meet third Wednesday in each month, at Masonic Hall. Howard Stephens, W. M.; L. L. Pack, Sec.

ODD FELLOWS.
Wyandotte Lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F.—Meet at Odd Fellows' Hall, Union Block, every Monday evening. F. L. Thompson, N. G.; L. Z. Foerster, Sec.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
Carpenter Post, No. 150—Meet in A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Fridays of each month. Col. O. E. Pratt, Com.; E. Holbrook, Adj.

GOOD TEMPLARS.
Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 282—Meet every Saturday evening, in Good Templar Hall. E. J. Martin, C. T.; Miss Emma Hawkins, Sec.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Ypsilanti Division, No. 106—Meet every Thursday evening, in Good Templar Hall. Joseph Spurr, Patriarch; Miss Steffe, Sec.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.
Ypsilanti Grange, No. 56—Meet in Grange Hall, Union Block, every Wednesday evening. Mortimer Crane, W. M.; Mrs. N. C. Carpenter, Sec.

UNITED WORKMEN.
Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 15—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, second and fourth Wednesday of each month. J. H. Whitney, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Washington Lodge, No. 27—Meet first and third Friday of each month in Masonic Block. F. J. Smith, W. M.; C. D. Wilcoxson, Sec.; A. A. Swain, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.
Meet in Masonic Block, first and third Wednesday of each month. O. E. Thompson, Dic.; J. N. Rowland, F. R.; W. W. Carpenter, Sec.; W. B. Eddy, Col.

ROYAL ARCADE.
Egna Council, No. 117—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month. A. Lodemann, Regent; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.; W. B. Eddy, Col.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACABEES.
Wolverine Tote, No. 77—Meet in Masonic Block, second and fourth Wednesday of each month. E. Thompson, S. K. C.; E. Holmes, R. K.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
St. John's Branch, No. 39—Meet every Tuesday evening, in St. John's School Hall. Jas. McCann, Pres.; Jos. Forbes, Sec.

FRATERNAL MYSTIC CIRCLE.
Ypsilanti Ruling, No. 25—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Wednesday of each month. E. H. Barnum, W. R.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.; H. D. Wells, Col.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY (COLORED).
Meet every Wednesday evening, at hall on Chicago avenue. Chas. Anderson, President; Eliza Artis, Sec.

GOOD SAMARITANS AND DAUGHTERS OF SAMARIA.
Meet every Friday evening, at Davis' Hall. T. S. Roadman, Chief; David York, Sec.

ATTORNEYS.

D. C. GRIFFIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Money loaned, Notes and Mortgages bought and sold. No. 2 South Huron Street.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
No. 1 South Huron Street, Ground Floor.

F. HINKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND Real Estate Exchange. Liable Block, Huron Street, Second Floor.

F. C. MORIARTY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Allen & McCorkle's office, Huron Street, Ypsilanti, Mich.

PHYSICIANS.

A. F. KINGS, M. D., RESIDENCE AND OFFICE, corner of Cross and Adams Streets.

F. M. OAKLEY, M. D., OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, first dwelling south of Engine House, Huron Street, Ypsilanti.

MRS. FLORA H. RUCH, M. D.—RESIDENCE in office corner of Washington and Ellis streets, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m.

F. E. OWEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence, Adams street, between Cross and Emmet.

D. R. KNICKERBOCKER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, corner of Adams and Emmet Sts., Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence.

O. E. FRATT, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office and residence on Huron street, opposite Episcopal Church.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST PEARL Street, near Postoffice, Ypsilanti, Mich.

DR. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office and residence on River street, L. D. Norris place. Telephone No. 45.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. B. MOREHOUSE, REAL ESTATE, FIRE and Life Insurance, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Money to Loan on Real Estate. Office with Hon. E. F. Allen.

L. DUCHESNE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flag walls, etc. Washington street.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITH & OSBORN, Publishers.
(GEO. C. SMITH, WM. C. OSBORN.)
The YPSILANTI is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, south side of Congress street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Payable in Advance.
Family Edition, eight pages: Per year, \$1.50; six months, 75c; three months, 40c; one month, 15c; single copies, 5c.
Local Edition, four pages: Per year, \$1; six months, 50c; three months, 30c; one month, 10c; single copies, 5c.
Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTI, Ypsilanti, Mich.

SNEAK BURGLARY.—Thieves removed a pane of glass from the rear door of Rogers' book store, Sunday night, and crawled in and rifled the money drawer, getting eight or ten dollars. They crawled out and carefully replaced the pane. The job was undoubtedly executed by local thieves.

BUILDING.—Jasper Colby is building a frame cottage on Race street.

Mrs. Reynolds is building a two story brick veneer addition, 16x32 feet, on the west side of her brick house at Chicago avenue point, Congress street.

Mr. John Clark is building another frame dwelling, on the corner of Ellis and Normal streets.

A. A. Graves has embellished the front of his store with a canvas awning.

RECEPTION.—Principal and Mrs. Still gave a reception to the members of the Senior Class of the Normal School, at their pleasant residence on Forest avenue, last evening. Both entertained and entertained had reason for pride and satisfaction in each other. Certainly, a finer looking or more promising class of young ladies and gentlemen would be hard to find anywhere. This evening a similar reception is given to the members of the Junior Class.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—Mr. Bradley has sold his Huron street market to Mr. James F. Clark, formerly of Banghart & Clark, who takes possession next Monday. Mr. Bradley has built up a fine business in a short time, and has shown himself a good business man, and a desirable citizen. We shall be sorry if he should decide to go away.

Mr. Dexter of Milan has rented the Barton House and furniture, and takes possession as landlord this week.

AT THE CHURCHES.—Socials and receptions were numerous Wednesday evening. At the Baptist church, there gathered a goodly number to interchange friendly greetings and test the quality of the ice cream and strawberries, abundantly provided for the occasion. At the M. E. Church, an exercise in elocution called together a moderate audience which was delighted by the histrionic success of Estella Kinney Knight. We were so unfortunate as to arrive after the program was completed, and can only record the judgment expressed by others which was very favorable. A pleasant hour was spent about the tables in the church parlor over an elegant dish of ice cream and such pastries as only the most skillful can provide. Ypsilanti never lacks for excellent entertainments where the heavy burdens of daily life may be forgotten and youth renewed.

AN EARLY COMER.—Mr. Stanley who now lives just south of Rawsonville, came to Michigan in Oct., 1883, from western New York, and settled on the farm where he now resides. The Erie canal was at that time the only public channel for travel and railroads were unknown in that section. Even nine years after, when he revisited the home of his childhood, they had not entered. It is a rare thing, now, that we meet men who have clung to the same spot for 53 years, and the present generation will show less stability than that to which Mr. Stanley belongs. This is a restless age, and travel is so constant and so crowding, that the impression is given that the greater share of our population is always on the move, but here, in the same place, Mr. Stanley has spent the strength and the vigor of his youth and passed the Scripture limit of three score and ten. He has a beautiful farm which has grown more attractive as years have passed. Those passing south of Rawsonville, could scarcely overlook the long row of fine maple trees which extends 80 rods along the road side. Those trees are of his own planting, over 50 years ago, and had become a great attraction. A few years since, a ditch was cut in their vicinity which not only drained the country it was designed to drain, but it exhausted the fountains which supplied the well, and now, since the past two seasons of drouth, these beautiful trees are stricken and withered, and many of them are entirely dead. It is a great grief to Mr. Stanley to see these trees die, for they had grown under his eye and sheltered him, many times, from the fierce heat and the storm. Though now 73 years of age, Mr. S. seems to retain the vigor and spirit of early manhood, and bids fair, by reason of strength, to pass his four score years, yet finding in his strength no "labor or sorrow" added thereunto.

See our "Eltion" suitings, double fold, good weight, 12½ cents per yd., worth 25 cents. See Hive.

Silk mitts 25 and 50 cents at the Bazar-ette.

Challu Cloths are the correct thing for summer dresses. See Hive.

Ladies' summer vests 25, 35, 50 cents at the Bazar-ette.

A Beast and Two Brutes.

A few days ago a certain man from the country drove to town with a load of wood. After getting rid of his load he hitched his horses on Huron street in such a position that when it began raining in the morning soon after the water from the eaves ran down constantly on the horses. A young man's attention was attracted to it before noon and again late in the afternoon found the team had not been removed, and what was still more surprising on passing by at half past 10 in the evening, found the team still waiting in the same place. The night-watch was notified, and while waiting for the clock to strike eleven so he could remove the horses, went down to one of the saloons and found the animal that belonged to the team, who came and let his faithful horses draw him home.

Died.

Ira T. Colby, an old resident of Ypsilanti township, died Sunday night, aged 77 years. The burial took place at Stony Creek, Tuesday.

In the death of Mr. Colby, disappears the last man who can be properly called an early pioneer in the community in which he lived. There are several ladies in advanced life yet remaining of that hardy group of settlers, but they are rapidly passing away. We have not the precise date of Mr. C.'s settlement, but are told that he had lived in that neighborhood over fifty years. For many years he had suffered great affliction, being both blind and, in great measure, helpless, but while his physical strength was much abated, he seemed in his better moments to retain a deep interest in the movement of events throughout the country. In politics he was an ardent republican, and a friend could do him no more gratifying service than to read to him of passing events. During the war he suffered sore affliction in the loss of near relatives, either an own son or an adopted one having died in one of the rebel prisons. This fact intensified his patriotism which never lacked enthusiastic expression on all suitable occasions, and brought him into full and active sympathy with the soldier element of the country. He always seemed to regard the soldiers as in a sense his own children, and almost the last inquiry upon his lips had reference to them and the ceremonies of Decoration Day. He was wont to express the most lively interest in the future welfare of his country. His patience and piety were conspicuous during all his years of suffering and darkness. His entire life was one of earnest, conscientious effort in the line of duty, and in his last hours he was like one.

"Who wears the drapery of his couch about him, And lies down to pleasant dreams."

After an illness of about nine days, Mrs. Zeno Carpenter, mother of P. W. Carpenter of this city, died at the home of her son, Wednesday morning, aged 75 years. Her husband, now in his 80th year, survives. Mr. J. J. Auchampaugh of Detroit, Levi Auchampaugh of Adrian, Mrs. Henry Tator of Warrenville, N. Y., and P. W. Carpenter, of this city are surviving children. Mrs. Carpenter has been a resident of this city ten years, and was most highly respected by all who knew her. The funeral services take place at the residence on Emmet street Friday, June 8, at 10 a. m.

A Delightful Entertainment.

The Sappho Club's musicale, Tuesday evening, was a fitting close of the Club's season. Normal Hall was crowded. The ensemble singing was especially fine—the twenty-five voices harmonizing delightfully. "Oft in the Silly Night" was exquisitely rendered, and provoked the most enthusiastic applause of the evening. "Lead, Kindly Light," Prof. Pease's arrangement, was also beautifully sung. Wayne's Spring Chorus was very fine.

The essays, judging from what we were able to hear, were good, but unfortunately, neither lady possessed voice enough to fill the hall.

Mrs. Moore, of Detroit, who has a very sweet but rather weak voice, sang Mendelssohn's May Song charmingly, and the "Ave Maria" with exquisite feeling. She also sang "Love, Kisses and Rain," a recent composition of Miss Jessie Pease. Miss Pease has infused into this charming song much of her own *chic* and dash, making several unexpected and effective turns in the score. The words are very bright, and we predict that "Love, Kisses and Rain" will be very popular as an encore song.

Miss Julia Carruthers made a favorable impression. She possesses a firm, sympathetic touch and good judgment in shading. Her rendition of Chopin's exquisite Nocturne was delicate and graceful. Miss Carruthers has, however, a very trying habit of bending her head down over the keys.

The Sappho Club may well be proud of its record. Literary work has been a prominent feature of the meetings, and the musical training has been of great value to the city as well as to the ladies.

Ypsilanti is truly a city of clubs, and the Sappho, although still in its infancy, has already won a place in the front rank.

Ypsilanti Home Association.

The 30th annual meeting of the Ypsilanti Home Association will be held in the Baptist church, Tuesday, June 12, at 4 o'clock. Addresses will be made, and the annual reports of the President, Secretary and Treasurer will be read. Refreshments served at 6 o'clock. All interested in the work of this society, and all patrons and former members, are cordially invited.

C. E. DICKINSON, Sec.

Ladies will find the celebrated Reclamer Cream, for the complexion, at the Bazar-ette.

The Cut-Worm and the Wasp.

Nature has nowhere achieved a greater triumph in masking pernicious activity under a sluggish exterior, than in the common cut-worm. To all appearance this worm is a lazy lout, and its limp and passive body gives no idea of its destructive capacity. It is built, however, for business, as many a farmer has found to his sorrow, and its presence in the garden or the corn-field is always accepted as a declaration of war; and it is always a hand to hand fight at that. Science and the ingenuity of man have alike failed in more than partially checking its ravages. We became thoroughly acquainted with the little beast, years ago, when they destroyed about 4000 raspberry plants for us and effectually brought our "best laid schemes" to naught. On our plantation we discovered no less than six varieties. There was the old gray-back that burrowed near the plant at day, and gorged itself on the young shoot at night; others were "walking delegates," and were most active when the sun shone brightest; others filled themselves on the fat of the land at night, and roosted in trees during the day; some had big heads and some, big bodies, but all got in their work in a manner that would do credit to an anarchist or a subterranean politician. They are utterly devoid of conscience, and the sorrows of a poor old man's appeal in vain to their dormant sensibilities. Fortunately, however, they have their enemies, in the insect world, and the gratitude we feel for the valiant service they rendered us at last, will never die out. Living, they deserve a "silver crown," and dying, a monument of enduring brass. One of these enemies is a blue wasp, with short body and a beetle head. Nature did some extra fine work on this blue wasp, but she had an eye to utility rather than beauty. In the first place, she gave it fleetness of foot and keenness of scent, for it will run with the speed of a "swift," and smell out the hiding places of the worm with accuracy and dispatch. Unlike the politician, it puts its nose to the ground instead of its ears, and when the prey is seized, it proceeds at once to perform an operation the most wonderful in nature, and it is done with accuracy and a skill which the best training of a surgeon might well covet. The nervous system of the worm consists of small ganglia symmetrically arranged throughout its body, some of which probably control locomotion. The wasp, in its chase after the worm, it will be observed, is not hunting food for itself but for its young, the egg for which is not yet deposited. When it catches the worm, it does not kill it, but thrusting its sting into the nervous ganglion which controls locomotion, it paralyzes it. No surgeon could wield his knife with more intelligence or surer results. The wasp knows exactly where that ganglion lies, and drives home the sting with the celerity of an expert. Having done this, it carries the paralyzed worm to the angle formed by the leaf and the stem on some species of grass. This is evidently done so another wasp cannot find it and lug it off while the owner is digging a hole in the sand to bury it. It must be borne in mind that the wasp runs with its nose on the ground or near it, and never looks up. Hence the worm hung in the angle is not discovered. Having made safe its prey, the wasp hunts out a suitable place and digs a hole, then brings the opening and close to it, goes in, turns around, comes out again and, seizing the worm, drags it in. Depositing the egg within the worm, it comes out, and, with its six nimble feet, scratches the loose dirt into the hole, pounding it down with its beetle head. It uses its head for this purpose three or four times during the process of filling the hole. The wisdom of simply paralyzing the worm, is seen in the fact that if it was killed, it would decay and disappear before the young wasp was ready to feed upon it; but paralyzed, it remains and the young wasp wakes to consciousness to find the table spread and the feast all duly prepared. We have watched these wasps many an hour and on many occasions, and, while we have watched them, we have wondered, whence the intelligence implied in its methods? How came the wasp to know the difference between paralysis and death as related to decay? Who told it where to thrust its sting to produce the result it seeks and must have, in order to perpetuate its species? Can Darwin or Huxley or any other evolutionist, explain it otherwise than by referring it to creative intelligence at once above and independent of it?

Medical Society.

The Washtenaw County Medical Society holds its eighty-ninth regular quarterly meeting at the Hawkins House tomorrow (Friday). Persons interested in medical subjects will be welcomed.

The Michigan State Medical Society will hold its twenty-third annual meeting in Detroit, June 14 and 15. The meeting is expected to be one of unusual interest this year. The work of the association, which has hitherto all been done in general sessions, will largely be done in sections hereafter, giving much more time for papers and discussions on each particular branch of medicine, as in the American Medical Association and the International Congress of Medicine. Dr. McGraw is president of the society.

Generous entertainment and delightful excursions are arranged by the citizens and members of the fraternity in Detroit.

Lost, between the residences of S. H. Dodge and Joseph Miller, one kid slipper with large tin buckle. Finder will please leave the same at W. C. Stevens' store.

M. P. A.

The meeting of the Michigan Press Association in Detroit last week was an important event, and we regret that we were unable to attend its sessions. Mr. Powers, formerly connected with The Ypsilantian, read a paper upon city and country journalism, the only fault of which was its great length. It was carefully prepared and contained much valuable matter. Mr. Powers came within three votes of the presidency of the association, and was elected vice-president.

Mr. Beal, of the Ann Arbor Courier, read a paper upon the relative value of a college education and a printing office education as preparation for the editorial profession, favoring the former. Lively discussions followed.

The Evening Journal wastes two-thirds of a column in declaring that no such question exists—that the man with best aptitude will make the best editor, whether college or office bred, and neither the college nor the office can make him a good editor without aptitude. The Journal is very blind. The question is very clear and very practical. Any man embarking as a journalist will have some measure of success or some measure of failure. Will his success be greater and his failure less, if he be equipped with college education and no practical experience, or if he have come up through the grades in the office and not the college? We decidedly prefer the latter.

The Valley of the Rio Grande.

BY O. A. CRITCHETT.

[Concluded.]
Mr. Kellogg bought his land in 1885 for less than five dollars per acre. The price of land since the advent of Americans has gone steadily up. Now, good brush land is worth \$8 to \$10 per acre, and cultivated land varies in price from \$15 to \$50. Whether, after a few years of American cultivation, prices will go wild as in Southern California is yet to be determined. The great inducement in California is said to be its climate. But the climate of this valley can hardly be surpassed, and is said to be similar to that of Central California. The month of March with slight exceptions, was soft and balmy as May in Michigan. There were a few windy days, but no cold or damp winds. The only doubt I have is as to the heat of summer. But the altitude is great—3700 feet—the air is dry and the nights always cool, and Michigan people who live there say that the heat is easier to bear than in Michigan.

Wages of workmen are very low. Mexican labor commands from sixty to seventy-five cents per day, and the laborer boards himself. The settler should at least be able to own "ten acres and a mule."

The present system of irrigation is defective and poorly managed, and yet the supply of water is entirely sufficient for present needs and the cost is small. A company has just been chartered for the purpose of constructing a canal from above El Paso down the center of the valley, which is expected to be sufficient to irrigate the whole. A preliminary survey is now being made, and the project is in a fair way to be carried through.

Under the Mexican regime there were no system of highways, no fences except to inclose a garden or corral stock, and no such occupancy of farms as with us. All the inhabitants lived in villages—probably by reason of the frequency of Indian raids—and rode to and from their labor over the lands of their neighbors as they chose. The Americans, of course, are establishing highways and building upon their farms. Ordinarily they follow the custom of the country and build adobe houses. These are commonly of one story, but very comfortable, being warm in winter and cool in summer, and may be made in every way, as tidy and luxurious as wood or brick.

All the products of the valley find ready market at good prices in the city of El Paso and in the towns and mining camps of New Mexico and Arizona. Nor does it seem possible that, with the very limited quantity of arable land in this quarter of the country, and the vast territory which must always rely upon it for many of the necessary products of the farm and garden, there can ever be an over supply. The fruits of Southern California, on their way to Eastern markets, pass through this valley, but must be carried eight hundred miles before they reach it.

El Paso in 1881 had about two hundred inhabitants, most of whom were Mexicans; now she has upwards of ten thousand people including representatives of all nations. I passed from the office of a bright, intelligent physician from Ohio, across the street, and within the next block saw the sign of Ah Sin, "Chinese Medicine." Five railroads center here, and another is on the way. The public institutions and improvements include an excellent public school, a fine large court house costing \$110,000, water works and electric lights. A large appropriation for government buildings has been made. Two snelling establishments are in active operation. The retail and jobbing trades are both large.

Standing at the gate of Mexico, the principal port of entry between the two republics, almost equidistant from San Francisco, St. Louis, New Orleans and the City of Mexico, El Paso will not be limited in her growth by the growth of the immediately surrounding country, but must in some degree keep pace with the volume of international commerce, which is rapidly increasing. She is doubtless the coming metropolis of the great Southwest.

Best 50 cent corsets at the Bazar-ette.

Personal.

Mrs. Dr. Faraway, late of Dakota, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Geddes, of Ann Arbor township. She informs us that they find the climate of Dakota congenial and have concluded to change their location.

Mr. Paul, of the State University, attended services at the M. E. church last Sunday. He is interested in Sunday-School work at Geddes.

Prof. Daniel Putnam conducted services for Rev. Mr. Venning Sunday morning, preaching a very thoughtful and interesting sermon from the text: "No one liveth to himself and no one dieth to himself." The Professor's words are always welcome in any congregation, and carry with them great weight.

Rev. Mr. Venning's absence from his pulpit last Sunday, was owing to temporary illness.

Ex-Mayor Cornwell left for St. Louis Sunday night, on business, but expects meantime to take in the democrat convention.

Mr. Cheney, Baptist pastor here, went to Kalamazoo College, Monday, with Prof. Beman, of the University, as members of the State Examining Board, being absent two days.

Rev. Mr. Kirkby, of St. John's church, Detroit, conducted services at St. Luke's last Sabbath.

Rev. Mr. McLean, former pastor of St. Luke's, was in the city May 25th. He came to attend the funeral of Miss Lettie Camp.

Mrs. J. Willard Babbitt and Miss Lydia Spencer went as delegates to the Women's Auxiliary of the Episcopal church that met at Jackson, June 5th.

Ira B. Laffin and wife returned from Florida Tuesday night last, much improved in health. They intend to return to Florida again in the autumn.

Mr. Charles Wines, of Chelsea, is to be congratulated on his architectural skill as his new home witnesses.

Eugene Dodge left for Cleveland, O., last Monday, for the purpose of attending a course of lectures to be delivered by the celebrated optician, Prof. King, of Cleveland, and also to receive practical instruction in the science of optics.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowling returned Saturday night.

Mrs. J. Buland spent Sunday in Jackson. Mr. George West, a former Ypsilanti boy, is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. John Gies and Miss Eva Duffy were married Wednesday.

Mrs. J. C. Voorhies accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Geo. A. Cook of this city, will spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. M. Williams of St. Joseph, Mo.

Prof. Dewey of the University inspected the High School graduate Monday last, with a view to their admission to the University on diploma.

Mr. W. M. Clark spent Tuesday and Wednesday in this city. He is in the interest of the Detroit Tribune.

Mayor Bogardus took a run out into Minnesota, last week, and returns with the conviction that the West is a big patch of territory.

Miss Fannie Bogardus returned to New York, Saturday.

Mrs. W. L. McCullough and Master Roy will spend the next three or four weeks with relatives in this city.

Prof. and Mrs. Hodge are visiting in the city.

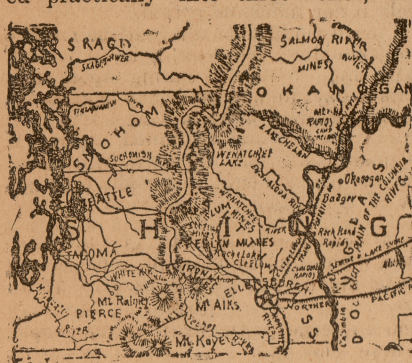
Mrs. E. R. Sleight, of Moline, Illinois, en route east for a visit at Saratoga, Boston, and other New England and New York points, stopped here from Tuesday morning until evening, as the guest of Mr. Geo. C. Smith.

Miss Cornie Howland who has been spending the past three months in New York City among friends, returned Wednesday, of this week. She was accompanied by her cousin, Mr. Harry James who will rusticate here for a few weeks.

(Special Correspondence.)
THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

Another Very Interesting Letter From Our Washington Territory Correspondent.

ELLENSBURGH, W. T., May 28.—If you look at a map of Washington Territory you will notice that Kittitas county lies about half way between the Cascade and the coast. Its outlines are irregular. The Cascade mountains form its western boundary and the Columbia river its eastern. From the mountains to the river is a gradual slope, the county being divided practically into three zones, the



timber and mineral region of the mountains and their foothills; the arable land of the Kittitas valley and the grazing land which stretches from the valley to the river. The Yahima river, a branch of the Columbia, flows through the county, affording with numberless smaller streams an ample supply of pure, fresh water. In the mountains are rich deposits of coal, iron, gold, silver, copper and other minerals as yet almost undeveloped. The Northern Pacific Coal company is mining 500 tons of coal daily, and paying out \$40,000 or \$50,000 a month to the miners, but this is a mere bagatelle compared to the output of the near future, for there is a vast country still growing in population as a market for this coal, and mines as extensive as those of Pennsylvania will be needed, ere many years have passed by, to supply this demand. And then, supplementing the coal mines, are the iron deposits, which have already attracted foreign capital. The Moss Bay Steel Works of England are about to establish an extensive plant in the county, near Cle Elum, some twenty-five miles from Ellensburg, which will represent an investment of \$2,000,000, and give employment to 2,000 and more men. It is thought by experts who are now investigating the question, that natural gas exists near these mineral beds; if this surmise proves true an immense manufacturing centre is assured. Coal oil is also one of the possible finds of the future, though the explorations in this direction have not yet been pushed far enough to determine definitely if it exists in the county or not. Besides their mineral resources the Cascades are covered with inexhaustible forests of pine, fir and cedar, so that the fuel and lumber question is not one that causes any anxiety to the citizens of Kittitas county. Next to the timber and mineral belt, as I have noted above, lies the agricultural region, the Kittitas valley—with Ellensburg, the county seat, as its central point of attraction. The valley is thirty miles long by fifteen miles in width. The mountains and foothills surround it on all sides, and the Yahima river meanders its way through its whole length. Flowing into this main stream are a number of smaller creeks and brooks the water from which at but a trifling cost can be turned through the fields and over the meadows, converting them into agricultural land of surprising fertility—land which is fertile and productive even in the driest years, for land that can be easily irrigated is independent of rains and the farmers of the Kittitas valley are in no different and do not care whether it ever rains or not. No failure of crops has ever been known and the wheat yield reaches 30 bushels as a medium crop. As for barley and oats they run from 50 to 65 bushels, although Rev. A. J. Hodge raised on a farm near here 115 bushels of barley to an acre of ground. Hay cuts from two to three and sometimes as high as four tons to the acre. There are several lakes in the county abounding in fish; trout weighing as high as four pounds, are caught in the Yahima river and its tributary streams. There are five flour mills in the county all running to their full capacity. The fact is that the territory directly tributary to Ellensburg and the surrounding valley, would make a good sized state East, or an important empire in Europe. Kittitas county alone with its 3600 square miles is larger than Rhode Island and Delaware combined and has as great natural advantages as they have, if not greater. But besides the county, there is a vast tributary territory. It is the nearest possible location for a town of any importance between here and Puget Sound, and it is the nearest point to the Salmon River mining country with which it will shortly be connected by a line of railway and which at present it supplies with all the necessities of life. When the mines to the west and north are fully developed and the land is all occupied it needs no prophet to predict that Ellensburg must be a large and important business centre. And this leads one to say something of the town itself. Ellensburg was christened after the wife of Mr. John A. Shoudy, its pioneer settler. Nominally it is eight years old, practically it is only two, because if it is just that long since the advent of the railroad. Its population then was 600, to-day it is 2,000, possibly more, before the snow flies 1,000 can safely be added to this figure. Its streets are broad and well laid out, many of them being ornamented with trees. Electric lights and an extensive water system will be introduced this summer, an Opera house, Masonic Temple, Odd Fellows' Hall, foundry and two hotels, are the most important buildings now contemplated, though there are several brick buildings and many of private buildings now being erected. As regards railroads, Ellensburg already has direct connection east and west through the Northern Pacific. A glance at the map, however, will show that this road intersects at a point west from Spokane Falls takes at that point a westerly course to the Columbia river and then turns north again so that Ellensburg is on almost a direct line between the Falls and Puget Sound. A new and shorter road is to be built along this route through the Big Bend country as a branch,

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—Jacob Ross, aged 10, was smothered in a grain elevator at Ocoy.

—Hogs about Galena and the Southern part of Wisconsin are dying in large numbers of cholera.

—At Elgin, Mrs. Charles Meyer and her child, whom she was trying to save, were killed by a freight train.

—Eddie, the fifteen-year-old son of Edwin Stone, living near Hammond, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

—A postoffice has been established at Cayton, Williamson County, and Robert A. Cayton appointed postmaster.

—Locusts in large quantities are being found in some sections of Central Illinois. It is thought they are the "seventeen-year" species.

—At Saybrook seven fine horses were killed by being struck by a passenger train of the Lake Erie & Western road. The loss is at least \$1,000.

—The annual meeting of the Illinois Sunday School Convention was held at Rockford. Cook County pledged \$1,500 for the work of the next year.

—During a storm, a horse ridden by a farmer named Remine, living near Heyworth, was killed by lightning and Remine was badly injured.

—Fred Mattiessen, editor and publisher of the *Odell Register*, at Odell, committed suicide. He was found dead in bed with a rifle lying by his side.

—George Cronk, of Geneseo, a young man about twenty years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself in his father's harness shop. No cause can be given for this act.

—The annual reunion of the Twentieth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, was held at Sterling. Colonel H. T. Noble, of Dixon, was elected President for the ensuing year.

—W. S. Phillips has been appointed superintendent of the State Blind Asylum, to succeed his brother, Rev. F. W. Phillips, who died last winter, after having held the position for thirteen years.

—C. C. Ellingworth, of Richland county, supposed to be nearly the last of a band of small operators in counterfeit money in Southern Illinois, was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

—Albert Robinson, of Roselawn, Ind., stole a team of horses from his employer William Slings, who resides near Joliet, and came to Marion, where he was arrested. He admits having stolen the horses.

—Fifteen Cook county prisoners have been released from Joliet penitentiary during the month of May, eight of them regaining their liberty in one day, after serving one to sentences, and all taking the first train for Chicago.

—The jury in the trial of Richard Berry for the murder of Charles Rule brought in a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary. Rule had been intimate with Berry's wife, and the enraged husband shot him.

—Miss Andrew J. White, of Peoria, drowned herself in a neighbor's cistern. She was about fifty-two years of age, and belongs to a highly respected family. She has been insane for some time, and had been home only about two weeks from Jackson-ville.

—Dr. A. C. Ferre, a prominent dentist, was found dead in bed. He committed suicide by swallowing morphine, and left a letter saying he was tired of life. Dr. Ferre was an active G. A. R. man, member of the A. O. U. W., Masons, and Mutual Aid Association.

—In the Circuit Court Thomas Waggoner, of Jacksonville, was sent to the county jail for three months and was ordered away from the polls for five years. This was the first conviction under the new election laws. Waggoner was a decided expert in coaxing money from candidates for pretended electioneering purposes.

—David Walker, a bachelor and a well-to-do farmer living south of Naperville, was assaulted, gagged and robbed of \$27. Mr. Webster was brutally beaten by the robbers, but refused to tell where his money was, and thus succeeded in saving \$1,300 which was hidden about the building.

—A. Woodruff, of Rockford, the old "candy man" who had been married longer than any man in the State, died at his home, aged ninety. His wife, who survives him, is the same age. They had been married sixty-nine years. For some years the anniversary of this couple have been famous, and they have received presents from unknown friends as well as known friends. He had lived in Rockford forty years, and was known among the children far and wide for his old-fashioned molasses candy.

MICHIGAN.

—Charles Knap, a marine reporter, was drowned at Port Huron.

—The State Central Committee fixed the Democratic State Convention in Detroit for July 10.

—R. H. Bohn's saw and planning mill near Charlotte, was burned. Loss, \$6,000; no insurance.

—A. R. Richardson, of Alpena, a prominent farmer, was killed, being run over by a heavy land roller.

—Dr. John S. Foley, of St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, has been appointed Bishop of Detroit.

—C. H. Hackley has given \$100,000 for a public library in Muskegon. The school board are made trustees.

—Russell Kellogg, of Battle Creek, aged seventy-four years, is cutting his third, and perhaps his last set of teeth.

—The Salvation Army of Kalamazoo, consisting of a captain and five soldiers, were jailed for disturbing the peace and obstructing the streets.

—The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the First National Bank of St. Ignace, to begin business with a capital of \$50,000.

—At Grand Rapids, Joseph Summerman, aged 20 and a married man of four children, standing, was caught in a pulley at Cupples' Wooden Ware Factory and fatally hurt.

—James Kelly, a woodsman who recently sold property near Marquette, came to Cadillac, having \$800. A sharper got hold of him, made him drunk, and then robbed him.

—The City Council at the 800 have at last waked up on the sewer question and given the sewer contractors six days to get to business. As they are under bonds there is some prospect of something being done.

—A hundred bottles of beer were delivered by mistake, in Detroit, at the house of a W. C. T. U. woman who promptly smashed them into the gutter. Mr. Bagard, the beer seller, will settle with Mrs. Travers in the courts.

—Albert Dodge, a young lawyer of Fowlerville, chairman of the executive committee, has been designated by the Prohibition State Central Committee to push party interests in the field this campaign.

—E. H. Allison, government interpreter and scout, who has long experience with the Sioux Indians is a Michigan man. He left the university and entered the Union army, then went on the plains, but is now lecturing before the Y. M. C. A. at Kalamazoo.

—In the Toledo and Saginaw Transportation Company's ship yard at Marine City workmen were engaged in raising the shears, which were to be the stem of a new steamer barge in position, when a guy rope broke, allowing the poles to fall. One of them struck Thomas Waterson on the head, crushing his skull.

—P. O'Dell, of Chicago; S. W. Osterhout of Grand Rapids; William Boing, of Detroit; and James Knowland, of Milwaukee,

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—Jacob Ross, aged 10, was smothered in a grain elevator at Ocoy.

—Hogs about Galena and the Southern part of Wisconsin are dying in large numbers of cholera.

—At Elgin, Mrs. Charles Meyer and her child, whom she was trying to save, were killed by a freight train.

—Eddie, the fifteen-year-old son of Edwin Stone, living near Hammond, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

—A postoffice has been established at Cayton, Williamson County, and Robert A. Cayton appointed postmaster.

—Locusts in large quantities are being found in some sections of Central Illinois. It is thought they are the "seventeen-year" species.

—At Saybrook seven fine horses were killed by being struck by a passenger train of the Lake Erie & Western road. The loss is at least \$1,000.

—The annual meeting of the Illinois Sunday School Convention was held at Rockford. Cook County pledged \$1,500 for the work of the next year.

—During a storm, a horse ridden by a farmer named Remine, living near Heyworth, was killed by lightning and Remine was badly injured.

—Fred Mattiessen, editor and publisher of the *Odell Register*, at Odell, committed suicide. He was found dead in bed with a rifle lying by his side.

—George Cronk, of Geneseo, a young man about twenty years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself in his father's harness shop. No cause can be given for this act.

—The annual reunion of the Twentieth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, was held at Sterling. Colonel H. T. Noble, of Dixon, was elected President for the ensuing year.

—W. S. Phillips has been appointed superintendent of the State Blind Asylum, to succeed his brother, Rev. F. W. Phillips, who died last winter, after having held the position for thirteen years.

—C. C. Ellingworth, of Richland county, supposed to be nearly the last of a band of small operators in counterfeit money in Southern Illinois, was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

—Albert Robinson, of Roselawn, Ind., stole a team of horses from his employer William Slings, who resides near Joliet, and came to Marion, where he was arrested. He admits having stolen the horses.

—Fifteen Cook county prisoners have been released from Joliet penitentiary during the month of May, eight of them regaining their liberty in one day, after serving one to sentences, and all taking the first train for Chicago.

—The jury in the trial of Richard Berry for the murder of Charles Rule brought in a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary. Rule had been intimate with Berry's wife, and the enraged husband shot him.

—Miss Andrew J. White, of Peoria, drowned herself in a neighbor's cistern. She was about fifty-two years of age, and belongs to a highly respected family. She has been insane for some time, and had been home only about two weeks from Jackson-ville.

—Dr. A. C. Ferre, a prominent dentist, was found dead in bed. He committed suicide by swallowing morphine, and left a letter saying he was tired of life. Dr. Ferre was an active G. A. R. man, member of the A. O. U. W., Masons, and Mutual Aid Association.

—In the Circuit Court Thomas Waggoner, of Jacksonville, was sent to the county jail for three months and was ordered away from the polls for five years. This was the first conviction under the new election laws. Waggoner was a decided expert in coaxing money from candidates for pretended electioneering purposes.

—David Walker, a bachelor and a well-to-do farmer living south of Naperville, was assaulted, gagged and robbed of \$27. Mr. Webster was brutally beaten by the robbers, but refused to tell where his money was, and thus succeeded in saving \$1,300 which was hidden about the building.

—A. Woodruff, of Rockford, the old "candy man" who had been married longer than any man in the State, died at his home, aged ninety. His wife, who survives him, is the same age. They had been married sixty-nine years. For some years the anniversary of this couple have been famous, and they have received presents from unknown friends as well as known friends. He had lived in Rockford forty years, and was known among the children far and wide for his old-fashioned molasses candy.

MICHIGAN.

—Charles Knap, a marine reporter, was drowned at Port Huron.

—The State Central Committee fixed the Democratic State Convention in Detroit for July 10.

—R. H. Bohn's saw and planning mill near Charlotte, was burned. Loss, \$6,000; no insurance.

—A. R. Richardson, of Alpena, a prominent farmer, was killed, being run over by a heavy land roller.

—Dr. John S. Foley, of St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, has been appointed Bishop of Detroit.

—C. H. Hackley has given \$100,000 for a public library in Muskegon. The school board are made trustees.

—Russell Kellogg, of Battle Creek, aged seventy-four years, is cutting his third, and perhaps his last set of teeth.

—The Salvation Army of Kalamazoo, consisting of a captain and five soldiers, were jailed for disturbing the peace and obstructing the streets.

—The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the First National Bank of St. Ignace, to begin business with a capital of \$50,000.

—At Grand Rapids, Joseph Summerman, aged 20 and a married man of four children, standing, was caught in a pulley at Cupples' Wooden Ware Factory and fatally hurt.

—James Kelly, a woodsman who recently sold property near Marquette, came to Cadillac, having \$800. A sharper got hold of him, made him drunk, and then robbed him.

—The City Council at the 800 have at last waked up on the sewer question and given the sewer contractors six days to get to business. As they are under bonds there is some prospect of something being done.

—A hundred bottles of beer were delivered by mistake, in Detroit, at the house of a W. C. T. U. woman who promptly smashed them into the gutter. Mr. Bagard, the beer seller, will settle with Mrs. Travers in the courts.

—Albert Dodge, a young lawyer of Fowlerville, chairman of the executive committee, has been designated by the Prohibition State Central Committee to push party interests in the field this campaign.

—E. H. Allison, government interpreter and scout, who has long experience with the Sioux Indians is a Michigan man. He left the university and entered the Union army, then went on the plains, but is now lecturing before the Y. M. C. A. at Kalamazoo.

—In the Toledo and Saginaw Transportation Company's ship yard at Marine City workmen were engaged in raising the shears, which were to be the stem of a new steamer barge in position, when a guy rope broke, allowing the poles to fall. One of them struck Thomas Waterson on the head, crushing his skull.

—P. O'Dell, of Chicago; S. W. Osterhout of Grand Rapids; William Boing, of Detroit; and James Knowland, of Milwaukee,

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—Jacob Ross, aged 10, was smothered in a grain elevator at Ocoy.

—Hogs about Galena and the Southern part of Wisconsin are dying in large numbers of cholera.

—At Elgin, Mrs. Charles Meyer and her child, whom she was trying to save, were killed by a freight train.

—Eddie, the fifteen-year-old son of Edwin Stone, living near Hammond, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

—A postoffice has been established at Cayton, Williamson County, and Robert A. Cayton appointed postmaster.

—Locusts in large quantities are being found in some sections of Central Illinois. It is thought they are the "seventeen-year" species.

—At Saybrook seven fine horses were killed by being struck by a passenger train of the Lake Erie & Western road. The loss is at least \$1,000.

—The annual meeting of the Illinois Sunday School Convention was held at Rockford. Cook County pledged \$1,500 for the work of the next year.

—During a storm, a horse ridden by a farmer named Remine, living near Heyworth, was killed by lightning and Remine was badly injured.

—Fred Mattiessen, editor and publisher of the *Odell Register*, at Odell, committed suicide. He was found dead in bed with a rifle lying by his side.

—George Cronk, of Geneseo, a young man about twenty years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself in his father's harness shop. No cause can be given for this act.

—The annual reunion of the Twentieth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, was held at Sterling. Colonel H. T. Noble, of Dixon, was elected President for the ensuing year.

—W. S. Phillips has been appointed superintendent of the State Blind Asylum, to succeed his brother, Rev. F. W. Phillips, who died last winter, after having held the position for thirteen years.

—C. C. Ellingworth, of Richland county, supposed to be nearly the last of a band of small operators in counterfeit money in Southern Illinois, was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

—Albert Robinson, of Roselawn, Ind., stole a team of horses from his employer William Slings, who resides near Joliet, and came to Marion, where he was arrested. He admits having stolen the horses.

—Fifteen Cook county prisoners have been released from Joliet penitentiary during the month of May, eight of them regaining their liberty in one day, after serving one to sentences, and all taking the first train for Chicago.

—The jury in the trial of Richard Berry for the murder of Charles Rule brought in a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary. Rule had been intimate with Berry's wife, and the enraged husband shot him.

—Miss Andrew J. White, of Peoria, drowned herself in a neighbor's cistern. She was about fifty-two years of age, and belongs to a highly respected family. She has been insane for some time, and had been home only about two weeks from Jackson-ville.

—Dr. A. C. Ferre, a prominent dentist, was found dead in bed. He committed suicide by swallowing morphine, and left a letter saying he was tired of life. Dr. Ferre was an active G. A. R. man, member of the A. O. U. W., Masons, and Mutual Aid Association.

—In the Circuit Court Thomas Waggoner, of Jacksonville, was sent to the county jail for three months and was ordered away from the polls for five years. This was the first conviction under the new election laws. Waggoner was a decided expert in coaxing money from candidates for pretended electioneering purposes.

—David Walker, a bachelor and a well-to-do farmer living south of Naperville, was assaulted, gagged and robbed of \$27. Mr. Webster was brutally beaten by the robbers, but refused to tell where his money was, and thus succeeded in saving \$1,300 which was hidden about the building.

—A. Woodruff, of Rockford, the old "candy man" who had been married longer than any man in the State, died at his home, aged ninety. His wife, who survives him, is the same age. They had been married sixty-nine years. For some years the anniversary of this couple have been famous, and they have received presents from unknown friends as well as known friends. He had lived in Rockford forty years, and was known among the children far and wide for his old-fashioned molasses candy.

MICHIGAN.

—Charles Knap, a marine reporter, was drowned at Port Huron.

—The State Central Committee fixed the Democratic State Convention in Detroit for July 10.

—R. H. Bohn's saw and planning mill near Charlotte, was burned. Loss, \$6,000; no insurance.

—A. R. Richardson, of Alpena, a prominent farmer, was killed, being run over by a heavy land roller.

—Dr. John S. Foley, of St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, has been appointed Bishop of Detroit.

—C. H. Hackley has given \$100,000 for a public library in Muskegon. The school board are made trustees.

—Russell Kellogg, of Battle Creek, aged seventy-four years, is cutting his third, and perhaps his last set of teeth.

—The Salvation Army of Kalamazoo, consisting of a captain and five soldiers, were jailed for disturbing the peace and obstructing the streets.

—The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the First National Bank of St. Ignace, to begin business with a capital of \$50,000.

—At Grand Rapids, Joseph Summerman, aged 20 and a married man of four children, standing, was caught in a pulley at Cupples' Wooden Ware Factory and fatally hurt.

—James Kelly, a woodsman who recently sold property near Marquette, came to Cadillac, having \$800. A sharper got hold of him, made him drunk, and then robbed him.

—The City Council at the 800 have at last waked up on the sewer question and given the sewer contractors six days to get to business. As they are under bonds there is some prospect of something being done.

—A hundred bottles of beer were delivered by mistake, in Detroit, at the house of a W. C. T. U. woman who promptly smashed them into the gutter. Mr. Bagard, the beer seller, will settle with Mrs. Travers in the courts.

—Albert Dodge, a young lawyer of Fowlerville, chairman of the executive committee, has been designated by the Prohibition State Central Committee to push party interests in the field this campaign.

—E. H. Allison, government interpreter and scout, who has long experience with the Sioux Indians is a Michigan man. He left the university and entered the Union army, then went on the plains, but is now lecturing before the Y. M. C. A. at Kalamazoo.

—In the Toledo and Saginaw Transportation Company's ship yard at Marine City workmen were engaged in raising the shears, which were to be the stem of a new steamer barge in position, when a guy rope broke, allowing the poles to fall. One of them struck Thomas Waterson on the head, crushing his skull.

—P. O'Dell, of Chicago; S. W. Osterhout of Grand Rapids; William Boing, of Detroit; and James Knowland, of Milwaukee,

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—Jacob Ross, aged 10, was smothered in a grain elevator at Ocoy.

—Hogs about Galena and the Southern part of Wisconsin are dying in large numbers of cholera.

—At Elgin, Mrs. Charles Meyer and her child, whom she was trying to save, were killed by a freight train.

—Eddie, the fifteen-year-old son of Edwin Stone, living near Hammond, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

—A postoffice has been established at Cayton, Williamson County, and Robert A. Cayton appointed postmaster.

—Locusts in large quantities are being found in some sections of Central Illinois. It is thought they are the "seventeen-year" species.

—At Saybrook seven fine horses were killed by being struck by a passenger train of the Lake Erie & Western road. The loss is at least \$1,000.

—The annual meeting of the Illinois Sunday School Convention was held at Rockford. Cook County pledged \$1,500 for the work of the next year.

—During a storm, a horse ridden by a farmer named Remine, living near Heyworth, was killed by lightning and Remine was badly injured.

—Fred Mattiessen, editor and publisher of the *Odell Register*, at Odell, committed suicide. He was found dead in bed with a rifle lying by his side.

—George Cronk, of Geneseo, a young man about twenty years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself in his father's harness shop. No cause can be given for this act.

—The annual reunion of the Twentieth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, was held at Sterling. Colonel H. T. Noble, of Dixon, was elected President for the ensuing year.

—W. S. Phillips has been appointed superintendent of the State Blind Asylum, to succeed his brother, Rev. F. W. Phillips, who died last winter, after having held the position for thirteen years.

—C. C. Ellingworth, of Richland county, supposed to be nearly the last of a band of small operators in counterfeit money in Southern Illinois, was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

—Albert Robinson, of Roselawn, Ind., stole a team of horses from his employer William Slings, who resides near Joliet, and came to Marion, where he was arrested. He admits having stolen the horses.

—Fifteen Cook county prisoners have been released from Joliet penitentiary during the month of May, eight of them regaining their liberty in one day, after serving one to sentences, and all taking the first train for Chicago.

—The jury in the trial of Richard Berry for the murder of Charles Rule brought in a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary. Rule had been intimate with Berry's wife, and the enraged husband shot him.

—Miss Andrew J. White, of Peoria, drowned herself in a neighbor's cistern. She was about fifty-two years of age, and belongs to a highly respected family. She has been insane for some time, and had been home only about two weeks from Jackson-ville.

—Dr. A. C. Ferre, a prominent dentist, was found dead in bed. He committed suicide by swallowing morphine, and left a letter saying he was tired of life. Dr. Ferre was an active G. A. R. man, member of the A. O. U. W., Masons, and Mutual Aid Association.

—In the Circuit Court Thomas Waggoner, of Jacksonville, was sent to the county jail for three months and was ordered away from the polls for five years. This was the first conviction under the new election laws. Waggoner was a decided expert in coaxing money from candidates for pretended electioneering purposes.

—David Walker, a bachelor and a well-to-do farmer living south of Naperville, was assaulted, gagged and robbed of \$27. Mr. Webster was brutally beaten by the robbers, but refused to tell where his money was, and thus succeeded in saving \$1,300 which was hidden about the building.

—A. Woodruff, of Rockford, the old "candy man" who had been married longer than any man in the State, died at his home, aged ninety. His wife, who survives him, is the same age. They had been married sixty-nine years. For some years the anniversary of this couple have been famous, and they have received presents from unknown friends as well as known friends. He had lived in Rockford forty years, and was known among the children far and wide for his old-fashioned molasses candy.

MICHIGAN.

—Charles Knap, a marine reporter, was drowned at Port Huron.

—The State Central Committee fixed the Democratic State Convention in Detroit for July 10.

—R. H. Bohn's saw and planning mill near Charlotte, was burned. Loss, \$6,000; no insurance.

—A. R. Richardson, of Alpena, a prominent farmer, was killed, being run over by a heavy land roller.

—Dr. John S. Foley, of St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, has been appointed Bishop of Detroit.

—C. H. Hackley has given \$100,000 for a public library in Muskegon. The school board are made trustees.

—Russell Kellogg, of Battle Creek, aged seventy-four years, is cutting his third, and perhaps his last set of teeth.

—The Salvation Army of Kalamazoo, consisting of a captain and five soldiers, were jailed for disturbing the peace and obstructing the streets.

—The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the First National Bank of St. Ignace, to begin business with a capital of \$50,000.

—At Grand Rapids, Joseph Summerman, aged 20 and a married man of four children, standing, was caught in a pulley at Cupples' Wooden Ware Factory and fatally hurt.

—James Kelly, a woodsman who recently sold property near Marquette, came to Cadillac, having \$800. A sharper got hold of him, made him drunk, and then robbed him.

—The City Council at the 800 have at last waked up on the sewer question and given the sewer contractors six days to get to business. As they are under bonds there is some prospect of something being done.

—A hundred bottles of beer were delivered by mistake, in Detroit, at the house of a W. C. T. U. woman who promptly smashed them into the gutter. Mr. Bagard, the beer seller, will settle with Mrs. Travers in the courts.

—Albert Dodge, a young lawyer of Fowlerville, chairman of the executive committee, has been designated by the Prohibition State Central Committee to push party interests in the field this campaign.

—E. H. Allison, government interpreter and scout, who has long experience with the Sioux Indians is a Michigan man. He left the university and entered the Union army, then went on the plains, but is now lecturing before the Y. M. C. A. at Kalamazoo.

—In the Toledo and Saginaw Transportation Company's ship yard at Marine City workmen were engaged in raising the shears, which were to be the stem of a new steamer barge in position, when a guy rope broke, allowing the poles to fall. One of them struck Thomas Waterson on the head, crushing his skull.

—P. O'Dell, of Chicago; S. W. Osterhout of Grand Rapids; William Boing, of Detroit; and James Knowland, of Milwaukee,

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—Jacob Ross, aged 10, was smothered in a grain elevator at Ocoy.

—Hogs about Galena and the Southern part of Wisconsin are dying in large numbers of cholera.

—At Elgin, Mrs. Charles Meyer and her child, whom she was trying to save, were killed by a freight train.

—Eddie, the fifteen-year-old son of Edwin Stone, living near Hammond, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

—A postoffice has been established at Cayton, Williamson County, and Robert A. Cayton appointed postmaster.

—Locusts in large quantities are being found in some sections of Central Illinois. It is thought they are the "seventeen-year" species.

—At Saybrook seven fine horses were killed by being struck by a passenger train of the Lake Erie & Western road. The loss is at least \$1,000.

—The annual meeting of the Illinois Sunday School Convention was held at Rockford. Cook County pledged \$1,500 for the work of the next year.

—During a storm, a horse ridden by a farmer named Remine, living near Heyworth, was killed by lightning and Remine was badly injured.

—Fred Mattiessen, editor and publisher of the *Odell Register*, at Odell, committed suicide. He was found dead in bed with a rifle lying by his side.

—George Cronk, of Geneseo, a young man about twenty years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself in his father's harness shop. No cause can be given for this act.

—The annual reunion of the Twentieth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, was held at Sterling. Colonel H. T. Noble, of Dixon, was elected President for the ensuing year.

—W. S. Phillips has been appointed superintendent of the State Blind Asylum, to succeed his brother, Rev. F. W. Phillips, who died last winter, after having held the position for thirteen years.

—C. C. Ellingworth, of Richland county, supposed to be nearly the last of a band of small operators in counterfeit money in Southern Illinois, was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

—Albert Robinson, of Roselawn, Ind., stole a team of horses from his employer William Slings, who resides near Joliet, and came to Marion, where he was arrested. He admits having stolen the horses.

—Fifteen Cook county prisoners have been released from Joliet penitentiary during the month of May, eight of them regaining their liberty in one day, after serving one to sentences, and all taking the first train for Chicago.

—The jury in the trial of Richard Berry for the murder of Charles Rule brought in a verdict of guilty, and sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary. Rule had been intimate with Berry's wife, and the enraged husband shot him.

—Miss Andrew J. White, of Peoria, drowned herself in a neighbor's cistern. She was about fifty-two years of age, and belongs to a highly respected family. She has been insane for some time, and had been home only about two weeks from Jackson-ville.

—Dr. A. C. Ferre, a prominent dentist, was found dead in bed. He committed suicide by swallowing morphine, and left a letter saying he was tired of life. Dr. Ferre was an active G. A. R. man, member of the A. O. U. W., Masons, and Mutual Aid Association.

—In the Circuit Court Thomas Waggoner, of Jacksonville, was sent to the county jail for three months and was ordered away from the polls for five years. This was the first conviction under the new election laws. Waggoner was a decided expert in coaxing money from candidates for pretended electioneering purposes.

—David Walker, a bachelor and a well-to-do farmer living south of Naperville, was assaulted, gagged and robbed of \$27. Mr. Webster was brutally beaten by the robbers, but refused to tell where his money was, and thus succeeded in saving \$1,300 which was hidden about the building.

—A. Woodruff, of Rockford, the old "candy man" who had been married longer than any man in the State, died at his home, aged ninety. His wife, who survives him, is the same age. They had been married sixty-nine years. For some years the anniversary of this couple have been famous, and they have received presents from unknown friends as well as known friends. He had lived in Rockford forty years, and was known among the children far and wide for his old-fashioned molasses candy.

MICHIGAN.

—Charles Knap, a marine reporter, was drowned at Port Huron.

—The State Central Committee fixed the Democratic State Convention in Detroit for July 10.

—R. H. Bohn's saw and planning mill near Charlotte, was burned. Loss, \$6,000; no insurance.

—A. R. Richardson, of Alpena, a prominent farmer, was killed, being run over by a heavy land roller.

—Dr. John S. Foley, of St. Martin's Church, Baltimore, has been appointed Bishop of Detroit.

—C. H. Hackley has given \$100,000 for a public library in Muskegon. The school board are made trustees.

—Russell Kellogg, of Battle Creek, aged seventy-four years, is cutting his third, and perhaps his last set of teeth.

—The Salvation Army of Kalamazoo, consisting of a captain and five soldiers, were jailed for disturbing the peace and obstructing the streets.

—The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the First National Bank of St. Ignace, to begin business with a capital of \$50,000.

—At Grand Rapids, Joseph Summerman, aged 20 and a married man of four children, standing, was caught in a pulley at Cupples' Wooden Ware Factory and fatally hurt.

—James Kelly, a woodsman who recently sold property near Marquette, came to Cadillac, having \$800. A sharper got hold of him, made him drunk, and then robbed him.

—The City Council at the 800 have at last waked up on the sewer question and given the sewer contractors six days to get to business. As they are under bonds there is some prospect of something being done.

—A hundred bottles of beer were delivered by mistake, in Detroit, at the house of a W. C. T. U. woman who promptly smashed them into the gutter. Mr. Bagard, the beer seller, will settle with Mrs. Travers in the courts.

—Albert Dodge, a young lawyer of Fowlerville, chairman of the executive committee, has been designated by the Prohibition State Central Committee to push party interests in the field this campaign.

—E. H. Allison, government interpreter and scout, who has long experience with the Sioux Indians is a Michigan man. He left the university and entered the Union army, then went on the plains, but is now lecturing before the Y. M. C. A. at Kalamazoo.

—In the Toledo and Saginaw Transportation Company's ship yard at Marine City workmen were engaged in raising the shears, which were to be the stem of a new steamer barge in position, when a guy rope broke, allowing the poles to fall. One of them struck Thomas Waterson on the head, crushing his skull.

—P. O'Dell, of Chicago; S. W. Osterhout of Grand Rapids; William Boing, of Detroit; and James Knowland, of Milwaukee,

EXTERNAL USE OF
St. Jacobs Oil
FOR PAINS
AND SORENESS RESULTING FROM
CRAMPS COLIC, CRAMP COLIC
STOMACHACHE DIARRHOEA
© Rub the stomach well with
St. Jacobs Oil. Apply Plaster
in hot water and wring out.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
CHAS. A. VOGELER & CO. BALTO. MD.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
Live at home and make more money working for us than
at anything else in the world. Either see, or write to
us. Same price. Address, JACOBI & CO. Agents, Maine,
FALLS, CO., Keokuk, Iowa, Chicago, Ill.

CANCER
AGENTS WANTED CROWN JEWELS.
For circulars and terms address NATIONAL
FALLS, CO., Keokuk, Iowa, Chicago, Ill.

FEATHERBONE
Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc.
Solely Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PENS
ESTERBROOK.
Solely Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

CATARRH
Solely Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Agents Wanted
Solely Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

MACALISTER'S
COUGH
MIXTURE
A pleasant, effective and SAFE remedy
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis
and Pulmonary Affections of Adults gen-
erally and whooping cough and croup in
children. Ask your druggist for it or send 50 cents
in stamps to JOHN P. LEE, Apothecary, corner
Haled and Harrison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

J. L. CASE
1842
Established
The Perfect
Heart
Remedy.
Read
If Your
Heart
Is Sick
If You
Have
Vertigo, dizzy attacks, ringing in
ears, disposed to nervous prostration,
apoplexy, shock or sudden death,
have Neuralgia, Numbness in arms or
limbs, darning pains, also Rheumatism,
Occur—Weed cures and prevents going to heart
Prepared at Dispensary, "GUIDE TO HEALTH,"
DRUGGISTS. PRICE \$1.00.

<

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888.

LAST week added one more to the presidential tickets in the field, the prohibitionists at their national convention in Indianapolis nominating Gen. Clinton B. Fisk of New Jersey for President, and John A. Brooks of Kansas City, Missouri, for Vice President. This is a "blue and gray" ticket, Gen. Fisk having been a Union soldier, and Brooks a rebel soldier. The convention was the largest and most enthusiastic in the history of the party, and the least "cranky," though one of the delegations carried an immense gilded crank, to show that the appellation did not hurt their feelings. The ticket will not receive an electoral vote, and whether it shall deprive the republicans of any electoral votes will depend upon the wisdom of the republican convention. That convention cannot well ignore the fact that a majority of the republican voters are positively opposed to the influence of the saloon, nor safely dodge the issue that that fact presents. A declaration in favor of the greatest attainable limitation of the corrupting influence of the saloon upon political and social life, and of the right of the people to suppress it altogether wherever they shall so desire, would agree with the dominant sentiment of the party; and such agreement the party expression ought always to have.

THAT an adequate public revenue being necessary, it may properly be raised by import duties and by an equitable assessment upon the property and the legitimate business of the country, but import duties should be so reduced that no surplus shall be accumulated in the treasury and that the burden of taxation shall be removed from food, clothing and other comforts and necessities of life, and imposed upon such articles of import as will give protection to the manufacturer, employer and protecting laborer—Prohibitionist Platform.

As a "straddle" the above resolution is a decided success. The democrat platform of 1884 is just nowhere. It demands the removal of duties "from foods, clothing and other comforts and necessities of life," and closes by imposing duties on all manufactured articles of import. This cannot mean anything if not clothing, foods, the comforts and necessities of life. Comforts and necessities include every article of import possible. Even diamonds make the owner very comfortable, as they gratify a natural desire. So far, then, the resolution is absolute free trade. To protect the manufacturer, these identical articles must be under duty and so far the resolution is "high tariff." Really the resolution looks as if it had been struck by an elephant's foot or had been passed through that wabbling old machine formerly in the Commercial office. A "human head joined to the neck of a horse or the design of a pitcher in mind which turned out in reality a miserable jug," is about the way Horace with prophetic vision, described this free-trade-high-tariff resolution.

THE New York Post has seen a great light, and forthwith it raises the danger signal all along the line, and calls a halt, and urges all free traders to abandon the old claim which has done service so long, namely, that prices have not declined under the tariff. In substance this veracious journal warns all interested parties to stop fooling around laboring men with any such nonsense, for they have been reading tariff speeches and official statistics, and already begin to distrust the whole business of "revenue reform." Some other dodge must be sought out and it is soberly and with all due solemnity, proposed to deny the influence of the tariff in producing the decline now acknowledged. The Post furthermore gravely suggests our railroads as an illustration that the tariff is not a factor in the development of the country. "These have not been protected," says this sagacious journal. How utterly oblivious of the land grants, subsidies, and other aids which have been for years the target for its bitterest maledictions; over which, it has raved and howled till the din of its confused utterances has resounded throughout the length and breadth of the land. But the case is desperate, and the railroads must be tried. At least, the circumstances of the case require a change of base, or the jig is up, and possibly, the railroads may withdraw attention from former false positions, and help us out. Let us see. The tariff builds up manufactures, and these demand facilities for transportation which the railroads furnish. How many railroads would have been built had there been no internal commerce and no factories? Sometimes, we hear carpenters say, they are not protected, yet their wages are higher than those in the factories. They forget that the factories withdraw the surplus labor from the craft, and, if these should stop, that these men, now elsewhere employed, would come in to compete with these now boasting of their high wages. The increase of business on the railroads due to the rapid development of the country under the tariff policy, has made it possible to reduce the cost of transportation, has made it desirable to build roads, and so, indirectly the roads have been the beneficiaries of the system and the people likewise benefited by them. The Post will find very little comfort in pleading railroads, or anything else in favor of free trade in this country.

THE New York Pioneer, a rabid prohibition paper, reports the following astounding item as a part of the proceedings of the recent National Prohibition Convention. Prof. Dickie then said:

The eight (Presidential) nominees of the prohibition party are, by God's providence, preserved to us till the present hour. It is a fact that, of the sixteen republican and democratic candidates nominated during the last sixteen years, only four remain to this day.

And here follows the astounding part of the report:

Another outbreak of applause followed, and at the chairman's (Dickie's) suggestion, the delegates rose and sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

And yet, prominent in that assembly, were Mrs. Lathrop and Miss Willard who, in a recent manifesto embodying the action of the W. C. T. U., urged before various state conventions, the importance of decency in conducting the coming campaign!

If you want to buy a house and lot or want to rent a house, call on E. B. Morehouse.

FOR SALE.

Nine Acres of Fine Land

beautifully located, just within the city limits. Can be bought at a reasonable figure. No incumbrance. Terms to suit the purchaser. Inquire at THE YPSILANTIAN Office. 3240*

C. S. SMITH,

Cross Street, near the Depot,

DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED

MEATS!

First-Class Sugar Cured Hams a Specialty.

Sausages of all kinds, made from best selected meats, always on hand.

Sausages cut for farmers and customers promptly and satisfactorily

Only the best Meats handled, and only the Favorite Prices, charged at the

Depot Meat Market,

C. S. SMITH, Prop.

SPRING--1888--SPRING.

JOE SANDERS, the CLOTHIER

HAS A FULL LINE OF

Spring Woolens & Worsteds

—AND—

Mr. Fingerle, artistic tailor, will personally superintend all orders in this department, which insures a stylish and well-made garment.

NOVELTIES IN HATS AND CAPS

—AND—

Gents' Furnishings

IN GREAT VARIETY. CALL AND SEE.

Joe Sanders, the Clothier,
No. 1 Union Block.

WELLS & FISK,

SOUTH SIDE CONGRESS ST.,

Pure Family Groceries,

Butter and Eggs, Fruit and Vegetables in Season.

BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.
QUICK SALES AND CLOSE PROFITS OUR MOTTO.

WE HAVE RECEIVED OUR

NEW SPRING GOODS

All the Latest Styles and Novelties. Everything desirable in the way of WEARING APPAREL for MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN. In

MEN'S CLOTHING

We have a large stock of SPRING OVERCOATS, and in SUITS, the Greatest Variety of Styles and Patterns we have ever shown in one Season. In

BOYS' CLOTHING

We have a Magnificent Line, and in CHILDREN'S KILT SUITS AND SHIRT WAISTS we have many New Styles and Patterns, and to the parent looking for the Best and Most Fashionable Garments for the Least Money we can offer Special Inducements.

All THE NEW SHAPES IN HATS & CAPS

As well as all the Latest Novelties in Gents' NECKWEAR and Furnishings. Our

MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Contains a Larger Assortment of the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FABRICS than any previous season, and our Prices are Lower than ever before.

C. S. WORTLEY & BRO.,

CONGRESS STREET.

Geneva Non-Magnetic Watches

Containing Paillard's Patent Non-Magnetic Compensation Balance and Hair Spring, are

Uninfluenced by Magnetism!

Call and examine them before purchasing.

For sale by

F. H. BARNUM,

27 Congress Street, Ypsilanti.

YPSILANTI SANTARIUM, Ypsilanti, Mich.



GEORGE MOORMAN, Proprietor. F. E. HOLMES, Superintendent.

Don't fail to call at

L. M. DUGGAN'S

Cash Boot & Shoe Store

Now is the time to buy. Don't wait!

Get the first choice from my

Bright New Stock!

All the leading styles in Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps.

GILBERT BLOCK,

AT THE DEPOT.

1888 IS HERE

—AND—

D. B. GREENE!

Is at home every day for office work. Come and get your Life and Property Insured or get a Pension. He will write you a Will, Deed, Mortgage, Contract, or anything else, very cheap, and warrant all correct or no pay.

OFFICE OVER WELLS & FISK'S.

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Candies, Fruits, Nuts

Etc., Etc.

The Largest, Cheapest, and Most Complete Stock Candies in the City.

F. A. OBERST,

Follet House Block, Cross St.

THE TARIFF.

Speech of Hon. E. P. Allen of Michigan

In the House of Representatives, May 16, 1888.

The House being in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, and having under consideration the bill (H. R. 9051) to reduce taxation and simplify the laws in relation to the collection of the revenue, Mr. Allen said:

MR. CHAIRMAN: I shall not try to traverse the ground so ably occupied during the three weeks this discussion has been proceeding. It would be monotonous to do so, and I call attention to one or two matters not so fully dwelt upon.

The excitement occurring in this Hall at times during this debate is but a small reflection of that now broadcast in the land. People are running to and fro and inquiring, "What is the matter?" One man is evidently frightened because another runs; and, as a result, the whole country is in a state of confusion.

No "second-term" lion about that. As these, cool-headed men stop and inquire what is the cause of this? Does the cause justify the effect so far produced? I inquire, first, who is it that began this stampede? and, secondly, having begun it, whether he is a sufficient guide to let the people know when they ought to run. Who fired the shot upon the picket line? Who is it that exclaimed, so that the American people heard, "There is a lion without; I shall be devoured?" It was the President of the United States. He, by his warnings, as he calls them, attracted attention to dangers he thought he saw, and aroused the present state of public excitement.

If this had been the first time the President had warned us, and correctly, we would be inclined to give more heed than we will to-day; but it is the third or fourth occasion that he has notified the people that they were in the presence of impending dangers; yet they did not materialize, and seem to have been forgotten by himself and everyone else.

What was the first lion the President met in his path? He met him before he was elected, in the shades of the woods of Central New York, when he wrote his letter of acceptance to the Democratic committee in 1884, entitled "The Political Reformation." This book contains the President's letter of acceptance, and in order that nobody shall make any mistake, it is divided up, like the Bible, into chapters and sections, and each chapter or section has a heading indicating what follows. I ask the Clerk to read a portion of this letter, which is headed, by authority of the national Democratic committee, "No Second Term." [Laughter.] Please read it, Mr. Clerk, with your accustomed vigor. Remember, Mr. Chairman, that this is lion No. 1.

The Clerk read as follows: When an election is to be held, the selection by the voters of one of their number to assume for a time a public trust, instead of his dedication to the profession of politics, the holders of the ballot, quickened by a sense of duty, shall average truth, honesty, and integrity, and when the suffrage shall be altogether free and uncorrupted, the full realization of a government by the people will be at hand. And of the means to this end not one word is said. It is not effective than an amendment to the Constitution disqualifying the President from reelection. When we consider the patronage of the great office, the allurements of power, the temptation to retain public place, once gained, and more than that, the availability of party funds in an incumbent with a host of office-holders, with a zeal born of benefits received and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come, it is not surprising that the political system, as we recognize in the eligibility of the President for reelection, is a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate, and intelligent political action which must characterize a government by the people.

MR. CHAIRMAN. Mr. Chairman, the President, in the recesses of the woods of New York, when he saw this lion cross his path, must have had in mind Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant, the only men who have ever been re-elected to the presidency. Yet the methods of their reelection were not such as to justify the fears he so earnestly expressed.

But, sir, what have we to-day? Exactly that state of things existing in this country which the President prophesied would occur if a President undertook to use his high office to redress himself. There has not been a state convention in the United States, from Maine to California, to send delegates to St. Louis, that the Federal office-holders appointed by the President have not come up and devoured everything before them like the locusts in Egypt. To-day, in every state of this great Union where conventions have not been held, these men are manipulating the wires and deciding who shall be delegates, in the main regardless of the wishes of the democratic masses.

To show you, sir, how to-day the deplorable dangers seen by the writer when that letter of acceptance was penned are in full view to every eye that will look, I send to the Clerk's desk and ask to have read an extract from the Washington Critic, and to follow it up by having read an editorial from the Post, the Washington organ of the Administration.

The Clerk read as follows: Four weeks from today Mr. Cleveland will be re-nominated for the Presidency. Whatever his views may be as to the propriety of accepting the candidacy of his party for a second term or as to the expediency of adopting a constitutional amendment making the Chief Magistrate ineligible for reelection, he will consider the vast number of a national convention as peremptory and obligatory—Washington Critic.

This is great rubbish. Mr. Cleveland is a candidate for the re-nomination—an earnest, eager, anxious candidate, armed and equipped at all points and possessed of all the advantages of a great number of friends and a powerful machine. And why should he not be a candidate? He likes his office and he is satisfied that he has made a good President. And does not his party need him just now? He knows it does.

Look out for Cleveland machine, fellow-citizens. You may hear of it in Georgia to-day and in Maine to-morrow, but wherever it is you will find it in beautiful order and working as smoothly and as effectively as a Corlies engine. It has a committee to meet at St. Louis, and the delegates are pouring out of the hopper at all hours of the day and night. When they get to St. Louis they will make the nomination unanimous. They will have nothing else to do.

This being the truth, why not proclaim it? There is no mystery in the White House. The gentleman in possession there knows a good thing when he sees it as well as the rest of us.—Post, May 10.

[Applause on Democratic side.]

MR. ALLEN. My friends on the other side clap their hands with joy. Now I am going to denounce them. I love them as David loved Jonathan, but I wish to ask them quietly and honestly whether they think the picture of the letter of acceptance set over against the picture in the print just read does not show a falling-off somewhere and somehow of that sterling virtue which in 1884 possessed the soul of every good President? And would not every Mugwump be entitled to bring an action against him for obtaining his virgin vote under false pretenses?

MR. CHAIRMAN. I am not an artist, but if I could suggest a picture for Puck to publish, a full-page cartoon, it would be this: I would picture the candidate in the woods, up in the wilds of York State, seated, and penning that letter of acceptance. He would be surrounded by the three graces. His face would shine like that of John at Patmos, and as he indicated those words warning the American people of the danger of allowing a man even to think of being re-elected, let him be painted with the pencil of a Raphael. But on the other side of the page, in view of the editorial of the Post, I would suggest to the artist to put a large-sized gentleman with his carpet-bag in his right hand marked "St. Louis," and in his left a

streamer with the legend, "Preaching against practice." [Laughter and applause.]

I have no idea Puck will publish any such picture as that, however, and evidently the second-term lion has taken to the jungles.

A member. But Judge will.

MR. ALLEN. The second lion the President met, Mr. Chairman, was in December, 1885. He then discovered a lion overshadowed all others and he took the shape of a silver dollar, the Bland silver dollar. Why, Mr. Chairman, the President devoted scarce twenty lines in his message of 1885 to the question of the surplus. He dismissed it with a sentence almost, and nearly the entire message was taken up with the danger that threatened the country because of the coinage act coining \$2,000,000 of silver a month. He used strong language. Listen to it, my democratic brethren:

Nothing more important than the present condition of our currency can claim your attention.

No "second-term" lion about that. His argument for the suppression of silver coinage sounds exactly like the speeches of our democratic brethren on the other side of the House to-day, in favor of the abolition of the tariff, although the "lions" sought to be hunted down have no possible resemblance. It is a clear case of opposite level, but the same text. He says, referring to the disaster threatened by continued coinage of the silver dollar:

That disaster has not already overtaken us furnishes no proof that danger does not wait upon a continuation of the present silver policy. We have been saved by the most careful management and unusual expedients, by a combination of fortunate conditions, and by a confident expectation that the course of the Government in regard to silver coinage would be speedily changed by the action of Congress.

Prosperity hesitates upon our threshold because of the dangers and uncertainties attending this question. Capital timidly shrinks from trade and investors are unwilling to take the chance of the questionable shape of the silver dollar. We are returned to them, while enterprise halts at a risk against which care and sagacious management do not insure.

As a necessary consequence, labor lacks employment, and suffering and distress are visited upon a portion of our fellow-citizens especially entitled to the careful consideration of those charged with the duties of legislation. No interest appeals to us so strongly as the need of a stable currency as the vast army of the unemployed.

But, sir, the "labor" that "lacks employment" never has and does not now ask for a repeal of the silver-coinage act. On the contrary, the great army of laborers in this country would vote to-morrow for a law compelling the coinage of double the amount now authorized. The law was not repealed or modified, hence it became necessary to find another scape-goat upon which to load calamities seen and unseen, and in the shape of the third lion appeared in the shape of a sheep, and the President makes his onslaught upon the treasury by taking the farmers' sheep as a text.

In 1886, I ought in justice to the President to say, the message was nearly silent upon the great questions before discussed, though neither had been settled. It went into details as to our relations with the entire world. I can see no reason why these questions were then avoided unless it be in the fact that the House of Representatives had been reduced from seventy democratic majority to a beggarly thirteen, and three of those were brevet democrats. I am inclined to think that the changed condition of affairs had some effect. But now a word as to the facts about the surplus. The President tells us it is estimated that it will amount at the end of this fiscal year to \$113,000,000. The facts of the case, as I draw them from the reports of the treasury, are as follows (let me premise by saying that the figures in what is left after paying all of the lawful demands against the Government): On June 30, 1885, this surplus was \$17,859,735.84. In 1886, June 30, the surplus amounted to \$49,405,545.20, and June 30, 1887, it reached the sum of \$55,567,849.54. The estimate for surplus at June 30, 1888, in round numbers, is \$66,000,000, and for the year ending June 30, 1889, \$56,000,000.

Now, Mr. Chairman, instead of being \$113,000,000, the estimated surplus on June 30, 1889, will be less than \$60,000,000, as this report shows, and there will not be a dollar we are to continue to pay honest debtors. But how did the President, as he says, avert the calamity impending in 1887, because of this great surplus? He says:

During the six months prior to June 30, 1887, the surplus revenue had grown so large by repeated accumulations, and it was feared the withdrawal of this great sum of money needed by the people would so affect the business of the country that the Government would be compelled to resort to the payment of the principal and interest of the 3 per cent. bonds still outstanding, and which were then payable at the option of the Government.

Indeed! Why, it is actually true that the President took the surplus and paid a part of the public debt that was then due. What other way would you take to reduce the surplus? What business have we with a dollar of surplus as long as we owe a debt? Is not the surplus a liability in the way of reducing it, by paying what we owe? And instead of being frightened on account of the surplus in the treasury, we ought to thank God that we have the money there to pay the debts. We have a law authorizing the payment of bonds with the surplus at any time. It has been upon the statute books for years, a dead letter. This House, at this session, passed a resolution saying that in its judgment the law was sufficient to take the surplus to pay our bonds. But we made no new law, and gave no additional power to the Treasury Department. Yet since the passage of that resolution, the President has had an extra-judicial opinion by a body without jurisdiction of the subject-matter, the Secretary has bought and canceled millions of dollars' worth of bonds, and thus reduced the surplus by paying what we owe. Had this been done during the year 1886, the surplus would have been purchased at a premium not exceeding the interest saved, our debt made so much the less, and our surplus wiped out.

But, in addition to that resolution, the House passed a bill which went to the Senate, and was there amended by the Senator from Kentucky, providing that every dollar of the national debt which is retired and kept retired for a period of thirty days, shall be substituted by a round silver dollar; and that bill with the amendment is now smothered by a committee of this House, and why? Because if it is passed and the President signs it, the holdings of the surplus will be upon his back, whereas if he vetoes it, the men of the West will rise in their might and smite him at the polls.

MR. BYNUM. In regard to the statement of the gentleman that this bill has been "smothered," permit me to say that he does not understand the facts. Nothing of the kind has been done.

MR. ALLEN. I venture the prediction that that bill will never be brought to vote here. If it is I am going to vote for it.

MR. BYNUM. The gentleman does not state the facts; and that is all I desired to say.

MR. ALLEN. I have stated exactly the facts.

MR. MASON. Has the bill been reported by the committee?

MR. BYNUM. It has been referred to a subcommittee, and will be reported in due time.

MR. ALLEN. I repeat to my young and good-looking friend from Indiana that that bill is now smothered and is being smothered; and whether they will ever let it arise enough into it to revive it, I think is not altogether likely. I think it sleeps there permanently.

MR. BYNUM. I desire to say that that statement is not true.

MR. ALLEN. It lies there undergoing the process of dissolution.

MR. BYNUM. The gentleman need not give himself any concern. We will take care of that when we come to it.

Yet, sir, in view of the power under law to have reduced the surplus to nothing,

we are told that the situation (too large a surplus) still continues with aggravating incidents more than ever pressing financial convulsion and wide spread disaster." Have we not seen during the last forty days how easy it is to avert a "disaster" by simply going into the market and buying our bonds and thus paying our debt before due?

MR. CHAIRMAN. The unwillingness to buy bonds and the ready refusal of the Treasury Department to do so until the threatened debt silver amendment passed the Senate, together with the fact that \$228,000,000 of our bonds become due in a little over three years from now, leads me to believe that the purpose exists to re-fund those bonds, thus perpetuating the national debt for an indefinite period.

Sir, a national debt is a standing menace to a republic. We want none of it here. The ship of state is sailing upon calm seas to-day; to-morrow it may be tempest-tossed, and our safety in danger is in freedom of the hand and the ready refusal of the national bank only exist by continuing the national debt, the banks must go. If Wall Street and the vast army of bondholders must still have them in order that they may "buy and sell and get gain," then the people who owe these bonds will insist that they be paid when due. If we pay our debt, there will be no surplus, and the money will return to the people, where it belongs.

But, sir, this can be done, and at the same time the tariff be modified so as to deal fairly with all interests and not precipitate the confusion and disaster that the just and the equity of the tariff should become a law. Its unfairness to different interests and partiality to sections are so manifest that "he who runs may read." I propose to point out a few of these further on.

MR. CHAIRMAN. In opposing this bill I am trying, first, to conserve the interests of my own district, and secondly, to do duty. I want, however, before going further, to read to you what kind of a district mine and similar ones are in the estimation of one of the leading free-trade journals of this country, the New York Evening Post, a paper that is supporting the Mills bill with an energy only equalled by its ability.

The Post, in commenting editorially and favorably on the speech of my young and brilliant colleague [Mr. Ford], proceeds to tell the farmers of the West how mistaken they are, and how little they know about what is really good for them, closing a free-trade estimate of their common sense with the following gem:

Yet still find clubs of greenhorns in the rural districts still holding weekly meetings and passing resolutions in favor of a higher tariff on potatoes and hops and garden vegetables and two or three other things of which we import a small quantity now and then when we have an unfavorable season and a short crop at home. These self-deluded grangers the tariff debate in Congress will prove helpful, since it cannot fail to put the other side of the case before them and compel them to read it and talk about it in their neighborhood meetings.

I represent a district of farmers mostly. They are the men that the editor of the Post to-day calls "greenhorns in the rural districts" and "self-deluded grangers." And yet that district, containing only four counties, and over which you can ride in one day, has a population of 160,000 people and casts more votes at a Congressional election than a half-dozen of those free-trade districts whose members are depending on to carry the Mills bill through. It is the University of Michigan, with 1,700 pupils. There are students at that great school from every state and territory of the Union and from nine foreign countries, 40 per cent. of whom are sons and daughters of "greenhorns in the rural districts" and "self-deluded grangers." It has the Michigan State Normal School, with 800 pupils, 80 per cent. of whom are right off the farms of the State of Michigan. It has, besides, two great colleges. It has twenty-five union or graded schools, where the pupils range in numbers from 1,500. It has twenty-eight granges and a dozen farmers' clubs. And my district is made up largely of these "greenhorns from the rural districts" and "self-deluded grangers," such as the editor describes.

Why, sir, it is the grossest nonsense to suppose that a district with only these lights to aid its intelligence should know as much as the free-trade editor of the New York Evening Post. Within rifle-shot of the office of the Evening Post there is more ignorance, squalor and crime than you can find in all the rural districts of the State of Michigan combined.

[Applause.] But who is it that calls my constituents "greenhorns in the rural districts" and "self-deluded grangers"? It is needless to say he is a free-trader and favors the Mills bill. The editor, or at least one of the editors of the paper is Mr. E. L. Godkin, a gentleman of the greatest ability whose writings I have been familiar with for years—a man who wields a pen that is as sharp as a scimitar. He belongs to the Cobden Club of England. The motto of the Cobden Club is, "Free trade, peace, good will among nations; God save the Queen." Moreover, he is a member of the New York free-trade club which holds among other fundamental principles, the following:

That the only commercial policy which is in its nature permanent and unchangeable, and which, therefore, assures stability in all kinds of business is free trade between nations as between the states of the Union.

A paper edited by men who subscribe to these tenets can not influence the "greenhorns from the rural districts" and the self-deluded grangers of Michigan. They read and think for themselves, and do not believe that free trade with the world is the best thing for them.

I come now to the question especially raised here, the question of the manner of reducing the surplus. The President recommends in his message that the surplus shall be reduced by reducing largely the duties on manufactured articles and raw materials, and especially the farmer's wool he would relieve from all duties, making it entirely free. He holds that the farmer who believes the protection to his wool side him is laboring under a delusion.

I have a high regard for the President, but I do not believe he knows as much about what is best for the farmers as the farmers know themselves. Neither his early education nor his profession would lead him to that knowledge, and with his statement they take direct issue.

And now and here charge that not a single petition from a single farmer in all the United States can be found in the room of the committee on Ways and Means asking for the passage of the "Mills bill" or for "free wool." In the silence of the committee-room to-day, unread, unwept, unhonored and unsung, are petitions signed by thousands of farmers asking that this bill be not passed, or at least that the tariff on wool be not removed. These petitions have gone there, and there they slumber. They have not been heard of here officially as yet. These "greenhorns in the rural districts" and these "deluded grangers" have sent their petitions, innocently supposing they would be read, and that some attention would be paid to them; but, in the language of Patrick Henry, the petitions and petitioners have been "spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne."

And here let me remind the Ways and Means Committee that while the "spurning" of the great Virginia declaration was done a hundred years ago, it was speedily followed by a change of administration, and history repeats itself. [Applause on the republican side.]

But the Committee on Ways and Means in its majority report, in order to convince the farmers and manufacturers that they are mistaken, tells them:

We say to the manufacturer we have put wool on the free-list to enable him to obtain foreign wool cheaper, make his goods cheaper, and send them

BABY'S ON A STRIKE.

O, instruction, anarchy,
 Revolt are in the air!
 Our blessed baby's up in arms,
 And nurse is in despair.

He lords it with a hand that's high
 And mighty, tho' a mite;
 He bawls, and howls, and drives his ma
 To desperation quite.

He sits enthroned, a little god,
 Tied into his high chair;
 His awful nod says, plain as words,
 "I won't be good, so there!"

By "sisters, cousins, aunts, and all
 Cajoled, caressed, and kissed,
 He will not budge an inch, this bold
 Young budding Anarchist.

Who shall subdue this pestilent?
 But precious little tyke?
 What's to be said, what's to be done,
 When baby's on a strike?
 —[Boston Globe.

SONG OF THE SWAN.

Translated from the French of
 Georges Ohnet for The
 Chicago Herald.

III.—CONTINUED.

The fair-haired Viennoise doted on this handsome boy whose hair was dark as the night. Stenio was the spoiled child of the Austrian capital, but he carried the weight of his happy fortune with incredible ease and equanimity. Never in his life did he give himself the airs of a parvenu. Without apparent effort he proved himself the equal of the greatest lords, and held his head up with the grandest archdukes. He spent money as easily as he earned it. The needy never found him empty-handed. But when a great prince of finance begged him to play in his salons his demands were not small. A great man in his own country—which is rare—Stenio undertook the conquest of Europe, and went to France, where one after another the great virtuosi try their talent on that unique touchstone called the Parisian public. Fantastic and nervous, easy to infatuate or disgust, but vibrating always with irresistible sincerity as soon as it was brought into contact with a true, artistic nature, this public went wild over Maraczy. The first time that, at the Cirque d'Hiver, accompanied at the piano by Plante, he played his great "Marche des Honveds," there was an indescribable movement at the end of the piece, during which the whole house was on its feet stamping and clapping hands as if delirious. The success of the Hun-garian virtuoso was instantaneous and amazing. Certain newspapers, moved by envy, risked some venomous criticisms. But Stenio was soaring too high for these malicious attacks to reach him. The slime of the wicked tainted not a single flower of his crowns. He was triumphant and happy. For ten years, young, handsome, rich, fated, he had traveled over Europe to the sound of applause, scattering melodies like pearls on his way, and making the fortunes of impresarios and managers. During each year, toward the month of July, he had disappeared, and, until the month of October, no one had heard the divine tones of his violin. Like a falling star, which traces a bright furrow across the sky and plunges suddenly into darkness, the great artist in the midst of his triumphant tour departed without leaving a sign behind.

And while the reporters taxed their wits to invent stories describing his pretended retreat, Stenio, shut up on a little farm that he had purchased from his father, forgot his fatigues, and near the old master of the chapel became a boy again. No more passionate improvisations; no more dreams translated by strokes of a violin bow—the soothing study of the masters. Maraczy fell docilely under the rule of his father, and passed his evenings in interpreting Mozart, Beethoven and Weber, refreshing his ardent soul at the pure strings of ideal inspiration.

It was touching to see this sublime artist, treated like a scholar by the old man, patiently begin again to passers whose execution had appeared defective, and make celestial music for the old furniture of the mansion, for the birds of the garden that the infatuated public would have gone down on its knees to hear. Then, the autumn approaching, he reappeared at Vienna, and resumed his artistic tours of the continent.

Full of honors, rich in glory and money, he had reached his thirtieth year with a brow unclouded by a disappointment or sorrow. It was then that, yielding to the solicitations of the celebrated Manager Burnstett, he decided to cross the ocean and play in America.

He expressed the desire, however, to make a stop of a few weeks in England. The Prince de Galles, one of his warmest admirers, had invited him to his hunting box in Scotland. But the Prince first desired to offer to the Queen the pleasure of hearing this unrivaled virtuoso.

The fete took place at Windsor. Only a small number of invitations had been issued, and the most absurd lengths had been resorted to in order to be counted among the elect. When Stenio entered the salon, his violin in his hand, a murmur rose from the noble women grouped around their sovereign. He smiled without raising his eyes, and, striking a light tap with his bow to notify his accompanist that he was ready, he began.

He played a reverie of mournful harmonies, expressing a plaintive suffering soul about to quit the world, which he entitled "The Song of the Swan." Under his marvelous fingers the souvenirs of the happy past, the joyous and brilliant fetes alternated with the heart-rending realities of the desolate present. It was no longer the violin which sang; it was the wounded heart which exhaled its supreme regrets with its last sighs.

Stenio, his eyes cast down, forgetful of everything around him and concentrated upon the execution of his piece, was playing his last notes, as pure as the breath of an angel ascending to the skies, when a profound sob, breaking the religious silence of the charmed auditory, caused him to lift his eyes.

With a glance he searched the hall, brilliant with lights, diamonds and flowers, and two steps from him, in the first row of chairs, her face burning with emotion, her cheeks glistening with tears, he saw a young girl. She was sitting motionless, with her hands crossed as if in prayer. For

her the earth had disappeared. Borne away by the sublime music, she soared in regions consecrated to eternal poetry. Celestial voices charmed her ears, an ineffable ecstasy penetrated her soul, and she would have wished to live forever in listening to these divine harmonies.

The music ceased suddenly. A storm of applause burst forth, there was a commotion around the young girl, the audience, without any regard for etiquette, rose in a tumult to compliment Stenio. She felt some one touch her elbow and she heard a soft voice remark:

"Maud! Well, Maud!"

Her eyelids opened and closed as if she was just waking, she drew a sigh, and, smiling at her sister, who had bent over her inquiringly:

"Ah, Daisy, I was far away!"

She could see the musician in a circle of duchesses listening to their compliments with modest gravity. Then, after a short interchange of words, she saw him approach her, conducted by the Prince himself. Stenio bowed low before her as his royal protector said:

"Miss Mellivan, my friend, M. Maraczy, who has solicited the honor of an introduction."

Maud stammered a few confused words. It seemed to her that an insupportable flame burned at her bosom. When she regained her self-possession the Prince had departed and the musician was preparing to play again. Under the influence of his enchanted bow the young girl's ecstasy was renewed and for her the evening passed in a delicious enchantment.

Maraczy's sojourn here, which was to have lasted a few days, was prolonged several weeks. The American newspapers announced that the tour so anxiously anticipated had been postponed. But it was soon evident that it was not to be made at all.

An irresistible charm retained Stenio in England. He refused to give concerts; he seemed anxious to forget that he was an artist by profession. He went much into society, played, danced, hunted, led the life of a great lord. To hear his violin, even in the greatest privacy, it was necessary to insist most urgently. And then it was only to feminine solicitations that he yielded. Miss Mellivan especially had the privilege of conquering his objections. A word from her was an order for him. Then he took a violin, no matter which, and played with animation the most passionate airs, as if he wished to instill some subtle philtre into the young girl's heart. And in fact the charm worked and Maud, on the wings of her dream, followed the enchanter wherever it pleased him to lead her.

The Marquis de Mellivan-Grey, a very grave personage, First Secretary of the Admiralty, had given the celebrated Hungarian a most cordial welcome. Toward the end of the spring he invited him to pass some time with him on his estate in Ireland. The noble lord promised himself to introduce Maraczy into the high Irish society of his neighborhood, and this role of a Mæcenas flattered his self-love.

Left a widower when his children were still small, he had confided them to the care of a governess, a strait-laced and scrupulous old woman. Believing that under her care his children were perfectly safe, he lived in security. He had never suspected the influence Stenio had obtained over Maud. He had never surprised the eyes of the young girl ardently fixed upon the great artist.

Full of the pride of his race, he would never have admitted that his daughter could stoop to this inferior in birth. To listen to him, to amuse one's self with him, to compliment him—well and good. But to treat him as an equal, to love him, that was a degradation that never for an instant entered his head.

Installed on his estate of Donloe, near Dublin, he had been awaiting Maraczy for several days. The musician asked delay after delay. One might have said that he feared to appear before Lord Mellivan. One morning, however, preceded by a telegram announcing his coming, he arrived. The carriage had scarcely passed the gate when Maud, very pale, hurried from the parlor and went upstairs to her own room. Lord Mellivan, standing on the portico, advanced to meet his guest and extended his hand. Stenio bowed respectfully, without taking it, and in a grave voice said:

"Monsieur le Marquis, before allowing you to welcome me to your house I must ask the favor of a brief interview. When you have heard me I shall know whether I am to become your guest or to depart."

Lord Mellivan, astonished, looked at Maraczy attentively, and then remarked that he was in the garb of a traveler, and that the carriage that had brought him had no baggage, as if he had not expected to remain. The Marquis, a good deal disturbed, invited him to enter. Without a word they went into the parlor. The interview lasted a quarter of an hour, at the end of which the door opened. Maraczy came out, conducted by Lord Mellivan. On the threshold Stenio made a supplicating gesture, to which the great Lord responded only with a disdainful smile. The artist heard a half-stifled exclamation, and as the Marquis, without concerning himself as to his presence further, had gone into the house, he drew a keen glance around him. At the same instant the curtain of one of the windows of the first floor was raised. A blonde head appeared; Maraczy addressed it a despairing adieu, and with a face expressive of grief, threw himself into his carriage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What this Country Needs.

"What does this country need?" asks Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Our opinion it most needs a change in the system of bringing up girls. The country needs less art and artificiality and more health, strength, and muscle. It needs old fashioned tomboy girls who will develop into robust women with vitality enough to do their own household and have plenty of time for social duties besides. That is what it needs and that is what is must have to keep the coming American generations from fading out into oblivion and American institutions from following the same course. Weak mothers, weak sons.—*Omaha World.*

Tea from India.

China now furnishes a third only of the tea used in England. India furnishes the greater part.

FOR THE LADIES.

Beauty, Comfort and Suitability—
 Dorothy's Small Slippers—Rosa
 Bonheur's Attire—My Pan-
 sies—In a London Square.

In a London Square.

Mild the caressless throng, as it surged along,
 In an angle of the street,
 They stood and proffered their woodland
 fowls.

Sweet violets—roses so sweet,
 And lilies not so fair and pale;
 As the maiden's face in white
 With its line, clear curved, Madonna brows,
 And its subtle Southern grace.

And the boy's dark eyes, with their grave
 surprise,
 Had the twilight glow that shines
 In South Sea lands where the sun-shine falls
 Through a disc of purpling vines.
 What blithe turn of fortune's wheel
 Had sent the wanderers here,
 From the shores where roses and lily blow
 All through the golden year?

And here and there a kindly heart
 Would pause a moment's space,
 Touched by the sister's pleading glance,
 And the woodland's fragrant
 And purchased a dewy primrose knot—
 A perfume of fairy gold—
 By the silent lips and the speaking eyes
 Replied a hummed folk.

And lingering there in the crowded square,
 I thought—Is this but one
 Of the thousand world secrets hid
 In our crowded Italy's wheel?
 Or is the silent wheel that looks
 From the maiden's great sad eyes
 The shadow pale of some tragic tale
 Of sleepless memories?

—Good Words.

Beauty, Comfort and Suitability.

What are the essentials of dress? The question began with time, yet the answer, from the old Greeks down, remains the same—beauty, comfort, suitability. No dress that fails to unite these three can be counted as fulfilling the mission of dress, and no woman who has not studied in minute detail each one, her mission as a woman.

Tailor-made gowns have brought about the revolution, sighed for many years ago by sensible women, and it is only here and there that one sees silks and velvets on the street, their appearance there indicating that the wearer is either underbred and ignorant or is wearing out her old dresses preparatory to coming into her real kingdom and tasting the delights of a simple, compact, well-made suit.

English fashions may have led us astray at times, but we owe to them certain emancipations that could hardly have come in any other way. Sensible women had long ago adopted many of them, but fashionable women, some of whom are not sensible, could never have been brought to low heels and thick boots, and plain gowns and simply dressed hair if it had not been "so English, you know."

From the fashion precisely as it stands to-day any woman can plan for herself a costume easy, comfortable, and most certainly graceful and becoming. The short skirt clears the ground well, and is thus neither worn nor soiled. The dress is often a princess, made in one piece, and thus instantly adjusted. The shoes are low-heeled and broad, the stockings black or dark. With half-fitting jacket or long cloak perfect ease and looseness are both possible, and sleeves may be as one will. Woman's dress has never, in modern times, been more really what it should be in all its outward expression and adaptation to modern needs. It remains to banish all lands and ligatures; secure even layers for the whole body; and support the dress so far as it needs support by perhaps a flounced back to the underskirt, and behold a modern woman emancipated, yet not a terror. This for street and ordinary household, the quality of the material used being dependent on the purse of the buyer. For evening there is greater latitude, and nothing could be more graceful or more intrinsically beautiful than many of the costumes worn, whether by matron or maid. The material is often of the simplest nun's veiling or soft cashmere for the elder wearers, and muslins dotted or embroidered for the younger ones; but the effect produced by suitable combinations is beyond any to be secured by mere blind expenditure for the costliest thing.

The farmer's wife or daughter, the busy woman everywhere, with whom there is little leisure and less opportunity for planning or wearing beautiful costumes, can still take refuge in one phase of the beautiful, choosing color and material that will unite becomingness and utility. Doing this she, too, will escape the charge of overdressing brought against us by hasty travelers through the country.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

Using Babies for Bait.

"Babies wanted for crocodile bait. Will be returned alive."

If newspapers abounded in Ceylon as much as crocodiles do, advertisements like the foregoing would be common in their want columns. As it is, the English crocodile hunter has to secure his baby by personal solicitation. He is often successful, for Ceylon parents, as a rule, have unbounded confidence in the hunters, and will rent their babies out to be used as crocodile bait for a small consideration.

Ceylon crocodiles suffer greatly from ennui. They prefer to lie quite still, soothed by the sun's glittering rays, and while away their lazy lives in meditation. But when a dark-brown infant with curling toes sits on the bank and blinks its eyes at them they throw off their cloak of laziness and make their preparations for a delicate morsel of Ceylonese baby humanity. When the crocodile gets about half way up the bank the hunter conceals behind some reeds, opens up fire, and hungry crocodile has his appetite and life take away at the same time. The sportsman secures the skin and head of the crocodile and the rest of the carcass the natives make use of.

This way of securing crocodiles might be objected to by American mothers. The American infant imagination might be shattered by the devouring gaze of a healthy saurian who hasn't had his dinner; but we are credibly informed by certain English crocodile hunters that the average Ceylon infant displays a passive indifference to his advances, and that the only thing which frightens him is the report of the gun.

Dorothy's Small Slippers.

Certainly if the slippers of "Dorothy

Q." Mrs. John Hancock, lately placed in the Hancock case, Memorial Hall, Old State House, are genuine—a doubt that could be harbored only by a Vandal—modern Boston belles have nothing to boast of in the matter of small feet above their great-grand-mothers. One tinted pair looks about as small, at first, in the matter of length, as a Chinese shoe; on a second critical look, however, we perceive that the artifice of shoemaking, then as now, contrived to make the upper of the heel slant out from the sole in a way to allow more room for the foot than the length of sole would seem to warrant. Certainly this Hancock case, taken altogether, proves that Gov. and Mrs. Hancock were superlative clothes. Only Mrs. Hancock's foot-gear are here to be sure, which would seem to indicate that the Hancock descendants on the female side may have been more thrifty in utilizing the lady's clothes than were the male members of the family. Ladies' finery, unfortunately for their looms, can be made over, but when the Governor's expensive ceremonial garments passed out of fashion the next sensible thing was to preserve them. The old Governor's remote nephew, Franklin Hancock, now an aged man, is doing an excellent thing in placing these personal memorials of the family where there can be no evil about them after he is gone.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A Fickle Conductor.

A young lady of Hingham recently told a bit of experience that she had enjoyed in traveling. The lady in question is handsome and well educated, but fortune had not smiled upon her, and she has been engaged in a lawyer's office in this city for several years, which necessitated her traveling over the Old Colony Railroad. She had not been a regular patron of the road long before she formed the acquaintance of the conductor, or rather he became acquainted with her, and he was in the habit of passing her seat while collecting fares without taking her ticket. After he had been through the train he would return and sit down beside her and chat for a few minutes, but he forgot to ask her for her ticket. This she rather enjoyed, inasmuch as it saved her several dollars every month. Not long since she was married, and a few days ago she happened to board the train upon which was the conductor in question.

As he came along to the seat in which she sat he stopped and remarked: "I hear that you have been married. Allow me to congratulate you. Ticket please." Then he passed on to meet and form the acquaintance of some other young lady who was not married. Such is life, and the conductor is still proud of the fact that he is a single man.—*Boston Gazette.*

Valued Herself High.

A middle-aged lady, a newcomer, called at a real estate agency to inquire about a piece of land. She was somewhat of an equestrienne, which the agent soon learned, and he tried to effect a sale in this direction. After the usual questions about the gentle proclivities of the animal for sale the agent relapsed into deep thought for a moment as if considering some political issue, and finally said, in a generous breath: "Madam, if you are injured in any way by that animal I will pay you one—yes I will guarantee to pay you \$1,000," and then he marked the figures down in big black letters. "Only a thousand, sir," exclaimed the lady. "I don't consider myself a Venus, nor one of the muses, but I really think I am worth more than \$1,000. In war times some slaves sold for \$2,000, you know. Now considering that it is leap year, couldn't you guarantee to pay a 1-e-e-t-t-e more?" The agent has applied for a position as driver of a streetcar.—*Portland Oregonian.*

My Pansies.

Oh, here is one in a purple hat
 and a robe of violet silk!
 This little fellow is all in yellow,
 And that one white and milk!
 Dancing high and dancing low,
 Just as the breezes come and go,
 Dear little spring-time beauties, O!

One is dressed in a velvety black,
 And one has a crimson gown;
 This little maid is in blue arrayed,
 And that one golden-brown!
 Dancing high and dancing low,
 Just as the breezes come and go,
 Dear little spring-time beauties, O!

One has a critical, earnest look,
 And one is woefully sad—
 My pansies were with their dusky eyes
 And that one white and milk!
 Dancing high and dancing low,
 Just as the heavenly breezes blow,
 Dear little thoughtful beauties, O!
 —*Yvette M. Garabrandt in American Magazine.*

Trifles.

A sunny smile, a kindly word,
 Has many a drooping heart bestirred
 To better deeds—
 'Tis such a trifle to bestow—
 A word, a look, and yet we know
 These are our needs.

—Ellen F. Pratt.

Notes.

A woman is living in Xenia, Ohio, at the age of eighty, who does not know by sight or name the children of her brother, a man of seventy, who is a resident of the same town. A quarrel estranged the two thirty-five years ago, and they have not spoken nor even seen each other since.

It is interesting to learn that Mrs. Cleveland always calls her husband "Mr. President." Mr. Cleveland addresses his wife as "Frank." Martha Washington in her younger days called her husband "George," but in the last twenty-five years of her life she always addressed him as "General." While in the White House, Mrs. Hayes called her husband "Mr. Hayes." Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield always addressed their husbands respectively as "Abram" and "Jim."

The Empress Victoria, says the *Germania*, has been the good genius of the Emperor throughout his illness. On hearing what those immediately around the Emperor say of her, one begins to understand that high praise is due to her, and that she deserves the name of German Hausfrau in the highest sense of the word. Every day she is in the kitchen to see for herself that her husband's food is properly prepared, day and night she attends to every one of the doctor's orders; in moments of danger and at operations she assists like a skilled nurse, resolutely helping to move the bed.

THE CAMP FIRE.

Some Good Stories.

Some Fighting Quakers.

Many anecdotes of the early Quakers are preserved in Philadelphia to show how even under Penn's rule the impulse of human nature struggled against their rigid laws of duty and submission. Not a few of the young men of Quaker families served in the Revolutionary army and in the navy in 1812 and wore on the field their broad brimmed hats and shad belled coats.

It is said that one of these young "fighting Quakers," as they were called, met his father on the street on his return home. The old man laid his hand rebukingly on his son's arm, saying:

"The wool in thy coat was sheared from my sheep, and woven in thy mother's loom, yet there is blood on it!"

"And the blood is thy blood," boldly replied the young man. "If thou hadst been twenty instead of sixty, thou, too, wouldst have fought under Washington."

"Zachariah!" stammered the old man. "It may be so, Zachariah. Thou hadst better go into thy dinner."

A well-known story is that of a friend who was in a sailing vessel boarded by a British press gang in 1812. He paced the deck with folded arms during the fight, until he saw one of the assailants climbing on deck by means of a cable.

"Friend, dost thou want that rope?" he said, calmly, hurrying up, knife in hand. The man dropped into the sea. A better authenticated story is of a grave old Quaker, two of whose sons went into the late civil war without his knowledge. The youngest son was fired, as was almost every other young man at that time from Maine to Florida, with the wish to give his life for the cause which he believed just. He had accepted a commission, but he did not wish to go without his father's consent.

He took occasion to make his preparations rather ostentatiously in his father's sight, laid out his officer's uniform, and tried to attract attention, but all in vain. As a last resort he seated himself in the room where the old man was pacing up and down, and began to polish his sword.

His father watched him, with a face growing paler, and with dim eyes. At last he went up to the young man and said quietly:

"Samuel, if thee thinks thee must use one of those tools, buy thebest, and—I will pay for it, Samuel."

How a Prisoner of War Regained His Liberty.

Colonel Musser relates an interesting incident of army experience, says the *St. Louis Republican*, which occurred while he was in command of the post of Washington, Ark., in the summer of 1864. The story as related is told by a Federal officer, a prisoner in camp, to Captain James T. Okey, of the Eighth Missouri Infantry. The Captain was playing the part of the hospitable host toward his guest and prisoner, through the medium of a couple of tin cups and a jug filled with home-made whiskey, clear as a crystal and uncontaminated by an excise tax. Lieutenant Boren was a Federal officer in an Ohio regiment, and had fallen into the hands of Dick Taylor about the time of Banks Red River expedition. Becoming weary of captivity and disgusted with Confederate rations, he planned with several of his fellow-prisoners a scheme by which at least one of their members might make his escape. Whiskey was played to determine which one should be given the first chance. Lieutenant Boren won. In accordance with the scheme agreed to, he feigned death, was buried by his comrades in a shallow grave, and succeeded in making his resurrection after the departure of the Confederates and his companions. The deserted grave was discovered during the day by some loiterers about the camping place and the ruse "dropped onto" and reported to the commandant at Marshallfield, La., who immediately set a pack of bloodhounds to track the fugitive. After the trail was struck all of these but one were called off. This one continued the pursuit, and at the end of the third day overtook and treed the lieutenant in the dense woods near Washington, Ark. The hound guarded the tree for three days and three nights, until the soldiers, who took their time, in the pursuit, arrived and again took charge of the well-nigh starved fugitives.

It Made Him Nervous.

After the battle of Mobile Bay, when the southern fleet had been released and was taking refuge up the shallow streams, orders came to Alderman Jonett to pursue the flying craft. It was a ticklish piece of business, for his ship drew twelve feet of water, while the little southern rams drew very little. But off he started.

"We're going to ground, sure," contended the Lieutenant.

"Never mind; keep her going!" shouted back Jonett, as he sighted the piece that was doing effective work from the bow.

But the Lieutenant, to insure caution, called a tar and set him at work heaving the lead, to learn the depth of water.

"Fifteen feet," came from the tar with the lead.

That was all right, and the lieutenant was satisfied until—

"Fourteen feet."

That was a more ominous cry.

"Thirteen feet."

It was getting dangerous. At twelve feet the ship would ground. But Jonett was oblivious to this danger. He was intent on aiming the bow-chaser.

"Twelve feet," came the warning call from the lead.

Jonett at last awoke to the danger. He turned quickly to the lieutenant, commanding:

"Call that man in with the lead. He makes me nervous."

The Steadfast Sentinel.

During the siege of Gibraltar its governor, Gen. Elliott, was one day making a tour of inspection when he came upon a German soldier, who though standing at his post, neither presented arms or even held his musket.

"Do you know me, sentinel?" inquired the general. "Why do you neglect your duty?"

"I know you well, general, and my duty also," was the reply; but within

the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off and I am unable to hold my musket."

"Why don't you go and have them bound up?"

"Because in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until relieved by another."

The general instantly dismounted.

"Now, my friend," said he, "give me your musket and I will relieve you. Go and have your wounds dressed."

The soldier obeyed, but went first to the nearest guard house, where he reported that the general was standing on duty in his place. His injury unfitted him for active service, but the story of his courage soon reached England and he was made an officer.—*London Argosy.*

Curious Facts.

Col. Burr tells me that he has been making researches at Sheridan's old home, and has come across many curious facts, about the general's early life. As his first appointment as colonel came about without his knowledge or seeking, so did his appointment to West Point as a cadet. The application for appointment was made for his brother Patrick H., who was the brilliant boy of the family, while Philip H. was regarded as inclined to dullness, and was regarded almost as a "never-do-well." The member of congress who had the making of the appointment got these children, both of whom he knew as boys, mixed, and being unable to distinguish them by name, wrote "Philip H." where he meant to write "Patrick H." There is said to have been a scene at the house of the Sheridans when the appointment came and it was discovered that the wrong boy had been commissioned. It happened, however, that Pat didn't care to go and Phil was eager to and thus it came about that the latter started on a career for the head of the army, and the former equipped himself for an Indian agency somewhere out west, where he still is.—*Nashville American.*

Honoring an Ex-Confederate.

The announcement is made that General Joseph E. Johnston, the highest in rank of living officers of the Confederate army, was recently unanimously elected an honorary member of the E. D. Baker Post, No. 8, Grand Army of the Republic, of Philadelphia. The election was brought about upon the receipt of a letter reading:

"For the purpose of enabling me to participate in the noble work of charity performed by the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, I hereby make application for contributing membership in your post. Inclosed please find the sum of \$10 for one year's dues."

The petition was unaccompanied by any other communication, and when presented to the members of the post for their consideration, it went through with a rush amid the cheers of the 200 veterans present.

General Johnston is the only ex-Confederate soldier who has ever been received into the ranks of a Grand Army post.

Old Pistols.

Mr. D. T. Sheriff of Prince George's county, Maryland, has an interesting pair of flint-lock pistols manufactured by Moore of London about 1760. They are perfectly preserved. They were formerly the property of Washington Warring of Baltimore county, and were used by some of his ancestors in the revolutionary war. They are about six inches long, with brass breeches. In order to fire them a duplex slide on top is pulled back, releasing the pan cover and allowing room to cock the hammer, the cocking of which discovers the trigger, which lies concealed until prepared to fire. What the trigger did was done by the hammer, holding a piece of flint stone about one-half an inch square and one-eighth thick, tapered to a wedge-shaped point, comes in contact with the perpendicular portion of the pan-cover, throws it forward, and the sparks are directed by the impetus of the hammer into the powder-pan below and ignites the charge.—*Baltimore American.*

The Useless Sentinel.

There is a story told in the French war office to the effect that for ten years a soldier was stationed in the passage leading to the minister's private apartments with orders not to let the people touch the wals. But no one seemed to understand why this was done. Now, a new minister of an inquisitive turn of mind determined to find out the explanation of a circumstance that his fifty predecessors had never remarked. But no one could give him any light, not even the chief clerks, nor subordinates who had been in service half a century. But a certain door-keeper, an old fellow with a good memory, recollected that on a certain occasion a soldier was placed there because the walls had been painted and the minister's wife had got a spot on her dress. The paint had dried, but the sentinel had been left.—*The Argonaut.*

Object to Libby Prison's Removal.

At a special meeting of the union ex-prisoners of Winnebago county, Illinois, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, we have learned with regret of the scheme to remove to Chicago that old landmark, Libby prison, the reminder of the sufferings of many of our comrades; therefore be it

"Resolved, by the Winnebago County Association of Union ex-Prisoners of War, that we most earnestly protest against the removal of Libby prison to Chicago, and emphatically and publicly denounce the projectors, whoever they may be."—*Rockford Register.*

A Newspaper in a Loaf of Bread.

During the American Revolutionary war some American prisoners were confined in Mill Prison, England. The prisoners had no way of obtaining any news from the outside world, but a friendly baker placed a newspaper in a loaf of bread that was carried into the prison, and on reading it the Americans learned of the surrender of Cornwallis. The news of course delighted them, and being unable to express their joy in any other way they made a British uniform for a dog belonging to the keeper of the prison and sent him out among the soldiers.

Fig-Pen Profits.

During the past few years it has been the fashion of writers on stock-breeding to present the pleasures and profits of raising horses, cattle, sheep and fowls in a very attractive form. Some of them have declared that fortune and happiness can be secured by raising these creatures with greater certainty than by adopting any other pursuit. Even the life of the cowboy has been presented as fascinating. On more than one ranch are young men who by no reverse of fortune have left elegant homes to enjoy what are called the delights of the far west. Many city gentlemen of wealth and leisure have adopted stock-raising as an elegant pursuit. They have paid extravagant prices for cattle and horses as others have for pictures and statuary. Some

